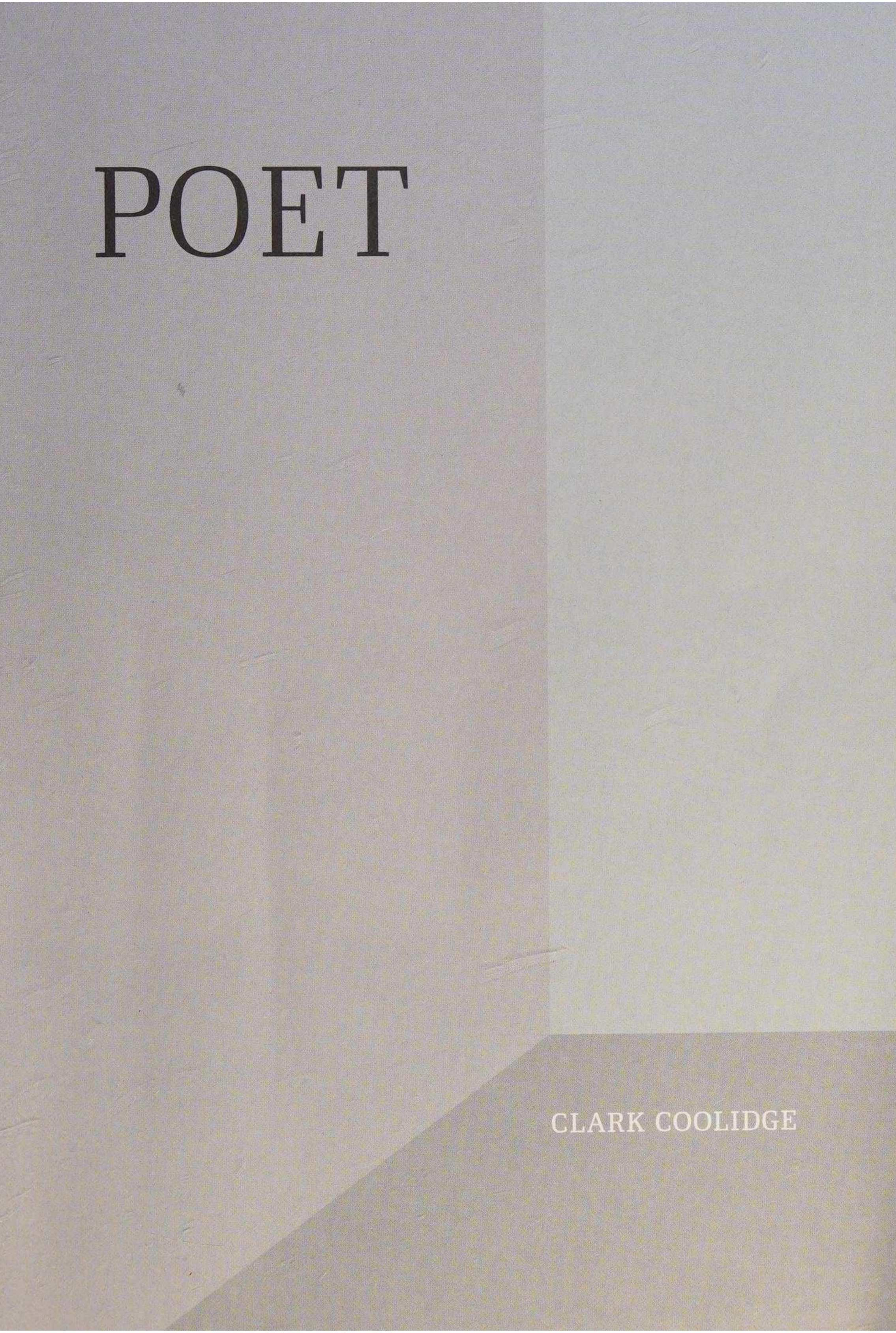


POET

CLARK COOLIDGE

A Pressed Wafer Book

Poet

Clark Coolidge

Copyright © 2018 by Clark Coolidge

Some sections of this work first appeared in
The Delineator, Larry Fagin, Editor, 2016

ISBN 978-1-940396-41-5
First Edition
Printed in the United States of America

Pressed Wafer
375 Parkside Avenue, Brooklyn, NY 11226
pressedwafer.com

thanks to David

I give instructions in my poems
you must follow them to the ends of
tura lura independence platform
forget any leaden attempts along the way
this is fortissimo serious
there'll be no popcorn

Ready stiff as a yacht
poems by Reverdy
poems by Ransack
the drilling giant accepts the haft
poems from the sprawling antechamber
the sun is on the moon
poems by Lao Tzu
poems by the lunar substitute
stair by stair the growing feet
poems by Colette
the wrong person the wrong alley
poems by secret subscription
poems by Lord Buffalo
insignia by insignia the roll
the ones who lick the alabaster
poems by Lord Disaster
words that are only scraping by
poems by Deliberate Snake
poems by a dissident monk
there's little left to say
everything to go

Poems carved in alternative schist
poems that never made the list
once a morning in liquid pencil
late at night with no handle
the poem with the bathwater
the poem with no outcome
the agency with unlisted waters
the midnight with the lighted snow
the poems that nobody knows
the poem by Edgar Rowe Snow

the filled holes in Oak Island
the readers who are still smiling
the poems by hand and foot
the poems of Bret Harte
novels have been shoveled
poems by the stack
the ending that doesn't come
poem by pipestem poem by loup garou
looking at the horses when his car blew
the poem of everybody's life
the poem of talk to yourself

Poems abandoned by day
taken up again at night
avoiding semantic burn
Roman candle hot dog material
screen drawn on television gold
hard to turn any of them down
learn to recognize dead thoughts
how to write with radon
imagine the Brownian rest
an appetite like a raisin
don't forget to bury when done
poem shuts down for inventory
here in the Age of Stunt

Angular poems   tractation poems   poems on which
lead anchors depend   you haven't those poems
rotation odes   duck the penultimate poem
watermark odes   crumple poem till it hands
the sill to another poem   is this Californian?
a good old clash of poems   pull up your old ones
favoritism odes   granted we have no further poems
Cassiopeias in formation   all these years of poems
and then there's more!   just a deuce of a fill-up on
clown arm poems and dill wad poems and the joining poem
coded ode to the air wing loud enough to stew
the poem there's no home for to sack out on
but a known poem is a noun poem or a stain promoter
the poem to end up shouting down its own poem

Poet runs home to turn on his generator
poet calls and talks to the late Joe Maini
poet is used to laughing without a net
this poet is sat on some other time
poet pulls a piece of paper on you shut up
poet has heard the one outside
a poet and his muggles
poet invents an exploding crossword puzzle
you think the poet has come just to see?
poet finds a guillotine in a tree
poet writes an ode to a piece of kelp
this poet is no help

Was this poet I once knew   Bruce Webelos
drew verses out of salt by the half hitch
a wall killer they said and he relaxed
this mighty firm laugher of conical section stanzas
just pull the cord transparent   dance faint
the door will latch you to what comes home
a splash out of view   sweet brass hokum
let's   we'll get   the poems in long pants
straight sports   the concept sinks these
circular structures that lead   powerful no?
the poem as a whole set of stabs   taken
roll your own poems   sneak up through glass
then the matter stops   no more
eye and ear wear   the poet canst ever know
puts down his little rubber donut and sits to speak

The poem ran through a row of books
boo!   no longer any labels
the lines run under certain sinks
you sometimes drop down there
disguised behind names like Facial Cola
Founder Vecchio and U Slant   look for
a collapse in the Postal Service   a day
an extension of the previous night
been so   been such   don't be playing with
the expertise like a charcoal elephant
you've lost the thread again   brain
a swarm of copperheads here in the mist
of stops and starts the poem ran out
subject to fall back in anytime

These poetry books are mere threads
or thin bundles of   up in arms with
this side of the wall all glistening streaks
she'll be back   you can bet   there's a fever
tight-fitting sweater just off Nylon Parkway
Avé Maroney picks up a clutch of sticks
follows you down a poorly colored hallway
your pants protrude   your poems slight turns
avuncular snobs will rate you   the poems
no longer yours   you shuffle through the darknesses
plural always   poems a front for further poems
a drop at best   softest hint of a hum
unable to miss a sound   sense ground under
stretch not known though pretty alarming

Sometimes I thought those things were
different than he thought they were   not?
many of us went along with them anyway
small peremptory poems?   walks off to
back of studio   handstands among plantstands
the phone calls would come later

The poems ran on a sort of dry insistence
you shouldn't've had to read them but you did

The poems had lain at the bottom of the lake too long
subscriptions had lagged   wags in jackets
they ask for D. Vorak   all out of that today
what were those masks doing on the vestry floor?
what good are these people without their flasks?
a police-loving batch at best
always busy on jam day   the jars . . .
you want the poets to talk about where they've been?
is that right or is it average?   chest swells
walls recolor entire   poets wait on a bench
outside the offices of their former teachers
Bela Lugosi   Kenneth Tobey   Essex Salter Ranch
you were expecting to celebrate Tet?
raise your head   the police are demanding
a syllable count

The poets come seeking the motor books
not murder books?   nothing in the envelopes
nothing in those drawers   you come to enjoy
the odor of sand   believe it or drop that
it's true   some do write in the afternoon
me   other me's   Fingal's Cave
will bring you no salvation ducky   what's in there
anyway stacked blood?   the eldritch stubbings?
few of them want to be martyrs to taste
what *is* subject matter?   the explosions up
by the slate quarries?   so take a tour
on us   tell you what   that bowler's wand?
there are treatments   the poets
come out to meet you

A big poet just happened to be in the area
too long a siesta I suppose   go work on your poems
don't hope to find a religion and certainly not found one
here at the base of the brain unceasing connection
great falls of emergion   a squaring of problems
like a dim nod on an interior vastness
he says he feels blue as a banker   a vacancy at
the Windowpane Theater?   war won now the poems too
the sky seems lower somehow   a smashed vase
home on the range that's a quote from Dunkirk
the poem speaks like a dead hand   it ever does
are there substances left to rely on?   a banging
somewhere in the upper stanzas   a concatenation of
meters into a meat herd   but can the poet?

A brutal boxcar of a poem   or a poet?
couldn't be further from the jolly learning
but now the poem is a list of what
decidedly?   won't get far with a title like
Heaven's Penis   never again to carry ink into the house
If you're the ruler of your own rows of pain
the poem will never reach from this room   they have
asked to "morally untie" it   those crass
middle actors of the assizes   ill-formed as may be
they even dread lamely   incapable even of washing sounds
the decoration of a Doctor of Donuts unspurned
as if there were too many gates to one room
hear them in there?   they're cementing their brushes
with being   you absorb well you will confuse them

This poet proselytizes for the seaside
as he banks   turns up old pages in case
he pays lowland visits   sets out the tea rows
has not a thing to reproach himself for   perhaps
villainy   but a thing there is that's poetry in bed
a dim wife among the dooms   she toots on sundays
stands there at the rail to help him with his sanctity
meanwhile typing his cigarette verse   overlaps
philological studies among the bottle engines
the poems of an unbeliever?   it can be arranged
she goes to work for cat   slips of the pineal body
he counters with instances of visual love
maintains knocking on his door might as well be
knocking on his poems   stirrups from a spigot
and how *are* you Bertie?

We will now read our subsequent poems
for we don't want them to budge too much
rather one bleary map but what shall we
ever do?   consult underlying sheet
so pale and lacking in nobility   cobbled
stapled even   considering the uncanniness of
certain things   she knows simply as she goes
the laughter that caught fire   her masterpiece?
Harry and Magdalene   maybe The Outsize Vagina?
you can't account for everything Mister Teakwood
to take good care of her is to toy with history
soon we will discuss burial plans for the poems
at a place considered nifty on a hurried holiday
where absolutely nothing will be left to the boys

Threatens a suit if there are damages
to the poems   the poems are not a fist
we will now discuss the timing of our love
an emotional gateway   internal cartoon?
have we a moment?   peas porridge partisan
then a conditional ode   one with seepage
a poem to my only friend this week
can hardly manage even a cuppa   seems
there have been robbages   steaming across the moors
but who is that sitting there?   a provocation
these are the igneous poems   formed of a chocolate
to feature quite a lake   even an outpouring of grizzly
the peat harp's blotch   please vacate
soon we'll send the poems on holiday

I want to see what happens if we pull
the poem   groggy and febrile at best
nudge that page to the outside if you will
I'm sorry about what happened beneath
soil ripped   punctuation slipping
silence in the preface   you must denounce
drivel in all its spots and have certainly
never been an American   outwardly anyway
those masters of the froggy fetus   faugh!
look   this here is the Chair of Poetry
locate thereby   hello?   shipwreck!
nearing the Great White Throat   you know so
this lettuce leaf belonged to Whitman
the following stanzas a primitive form of reggae

Don't you understand the poem proposes
a form of insanity?   a litter litany
the poem comes out of one's size collection
and upright so   otherwise a criminal chatter
crystals in bondage   luke pee on the lace curtains
these poems whatever do they say?   outedly
apply a match to the edges and points
one embellishes   have it in here somewhere
the characters pace from the room   indelibly
is this an assembled set?   they pray
for some poems of acquittal   the ordering of
something   the answer to mathematics being
I don't care   the answer of a constitutional banker
the subsequent poems to have complete liberty

Don’t make her mad   she’ll commit poems
forget to be heard   last to be printed
all buried as far as you can teach
no balloon of ours has ever been humiliated
trouble is not all the words fit
as in house   as in standpoint
now her brothers live in the trees
the writing will never be complete

Noises from a book   but there is a treasure?
decanting the liquor of a blackout we proceed
but are we momentary?   shackled with
questions of right?   the shocking fools
these are not the poems of schools

Just supposing the Creeley imitations were out of order
the Lamantia whizbangs to follow close city
hear that chainsaw on the radio?   pure melody
is a wrapped sort of dirge   McClure to quite insist
the idea of Phil Whalen laughing pleased
at the poem for Gyro Gearloose
the one dedicated to Amoco Spender
bent on sweets and horn   no dish
you'll give me no lip?   rather a perfect
translation of Pasterhand and Mandelstate
most in those times had a wooden lip
the poem as weapon system   the poem as
based on the plain disability to disclose
Gregory Corso at Evangeline's Chasm
John Ashbery leaving a layer of salt

What happened?   the poetry all went glub
you should have them all fired   drowned?
we come apart every time we do it
kid poet blew his brains out in a car
on Mars   was like big lines were dealt
hundreds   handfuls   gliptious tons
Ashbery meted them out   the Prednisone you know
raised to spend more time in the sun
agoraphobic anyway   prosody batless
snorts up verse   river called Dewars Flood
raised his pen and returned fire   dulcet
waits   kid stares up at paper plane models
everyone wins a Poem Of The Week
many of them called Raccoons

Burn the poems or anyhow light them
after a while the poem seals itself off
there are furrows   places to wait
then shut   the poem cannot be accustomed
the modern poem is a beer named Jimmy
remember me?   does not pay the tab
a state of waltz   poem as water   as scooter
a wind to the death   a snow spot
just wait till the bats turn themselves off
a place called Lapsong Motors gosh all
assured there is no monkey at the poem
inquiry poem?   you don't want to be on that list
all your years lost in the recent unpleasantness
a poem beyond you?   just where you need it

A snake brocade   the poet immediately
seizes   suits up but can't afford
thinking of having some people in
our terribleness of streets and poets
call Bruce Terminex a purely lone young man
the serpents will disperse   no need
for muffler   you know your facts?
the poet wields bloody tools   a silence
then stray animals mess up the texts
Massanutten Caverns is now on the edge
inside there is a lake a poet would not forget
the looser bulks brightening as you read
you grew up with lingering body poets
rug rolled full of troubles   mutant bubbles

Poet produces this snow but not those tracks
it is not winter and there are new red cable cars
wallets in sacks dispensed with by the poet
life on a cattle hill has not become apparent
is asphalt adequate protection from steel?
who is bothered by the death of some clams?
had survived so many bowling matches
all the neighbors were named Ackerman
the poet hangs out at the Beefers Wheel
shy a few talcum evaluations make no odds
beneath a shell after class in a half-dozen folders
topics unknown or denied or left on the strand
the poets never laughed in their lives
the ones in solid

Cement worship   like as if
takes a car to keep from running
try the religious warehouse the swamp
jocks frequent   trouble for the poets?
recent structures of broken-down stanzas
vegetable hovers in the sphere of mediation
fucking life yes?   facets of my old man
who lives in a garbage can   n'est-ce pas?
mind moves lips in sequence   left feet
catch fire   thoughts go down the tube
back in high school when the poems first
came off the shelf   a waste water essay
flutters to the parquet   this is not
the stopping of the battle either

The poet steps to the beat of his own length
lands skyhigh in small parcel similitude
whoever thought they were carrying the past?
staples in the wall their only defense
fired from the Board of Actuality   out front
the teletype parts or see-thru pants
it was a lock   they were partners in brood
tuck   dote   dial   some in from out of
Santa Sledding on the Moon   that light?
those poets found uses for their headaches
and hoohaha this one's for Jack at a lope
small predators occur to some versifiers
the lump on a ghost the object of one
two the object limps off okay

Poets or sneakers?   you tell
the bike came over all banister disaster
epic verse that loosened a roof
still thought there was a hole in the sea
entered the Braintree competition
one poet used a hand line   the dog
needed a longer face   a despond
after all most poets are native trackers
hang out in the gloom   a row of masts
or inhabited masks?   BAROOM!
needed a vent hole to trigger that roof
a bluff?   that starry awakening
The Face In The Lake the title of his book
The part of the question that's always missing

The first rule of Poem Club is
you do not talk about Poem Club
the first rule of Thumb Club . . .
your bicycle is a double helix you go
will there be a lack of hacking?
the only examples were smothered by dogs
Flat Milk the greatest nag known
in the beginning was the word without
its poet had yet to
broken . . .

The poet gets it   remember please
great backhoes of verse   a trouncing
no further sheen on the far field
with this gold phone you can maybe talk to
Andy Warhol or Michael Cuscuna   hola!
poets all pose on a roof with the stars
second thoughts?   fountains of orangeade
troubles with Superman and certain nebulosities
the poems that accumulate once foreseen
a jumble that gathers character in the flowering
hey Rube! and they bring in another new year
the poem is more message than was ever sent
let the bandoneons play   let what will
never forget to lay a place for the poets

Reputation for the poet and then some
repetition for the hell of it
did it work?   did I say?   basta
now you may take your impressions
nothing to pee over or something or other
—INTERMISSION—
you know the young take life from the old
night destroys the day?   shut it
I feel fakes at every fender
the light goes out on the clock face
Robin Hood has finished his salad
sock days are at hand so do well
I see you all smiling even in doubt
or especially as the container turns on you
make a date you make many as well
the tune is large and breeds more poems
we hoard lies that contain multitudes

Poet messing with
everything that comes close
poet doing without a phone
the poet's praise for the bomb's grace
the poet's time on Earth
a poem of all the things he has forgotten
what the poet found on the body
what the poet wrote on the body
poet polyglot lunch hut prolegomenon
poet rope burn alcohol strain basin sop pell sweet
poet can no longer connect box and hulk and drop
the poet take a stop
the poet finds wires in the sky
the poet is employed by a rising firm

The poet knew Absorbine Junior
the poet sports a funeral pallor
the poet scans scalps for numbers
the poet hoards fumbles
the poet emits smokestack lightning
the poet loves Billie Whitelaw even in The Omen
the poet keeps a Santa suit in a wrapped jar
the poet shelves preknitted jots
the poet stuns at Hearts
the poet lights out for the Battery
the poet practices Sudden while nodding
the poet backs Knees On Wheels
the poet lauds the Zeider Zee
the poet knew Lee Crabtree

The poet is Lugosi   the poet is Arbutron
the poet is ExLax   the poet is Lucerne
the poet is Flaky   the poet is Entr’acte
the poet is Flanders   the poet is Excelsior
the poet is Bumstead   the poet is Bradshaw
the poet is Tancredi   the poet is Solti
the poet is Tampico   the poet is Tuxedo Park
the poet is Pompadour   the poet is Orlando
the poet is Flare   the poet is Bunkum
the poet is Fargo   the poet is Limpopo
the poet is Garsh   the poet is Gort
the poet is Newk   the poet is Kirk
the poet is Candy Barr   the poet is Jack Tarr
the poet is Jorgensen   the poet is Khartoum

Just a bowl of window there
boggled poets in the sun   pretend
there's an end to even most everything
it's a god sale   plenty down   lots to go
pretty soon not a trace of the nation
strain of weirdos in their lumps   tops
even growths   it comes out all over you
somebody slip?   down the Star Store
Willy Loman in cashmere to a T
the poet bails in pressed mackerel head to tie
witnessed only by a tiny Hercules on a stump
by the lake of perpetual time storms
formaldehyde functions as a shoe-in or
place holder dear to the poet heart
ticker as may be

Scruff of the poet   tamp of the poet
pump out the fieldstones   scant the poet
exactly   which one is the poet?   what about
the other poet seeming braced for totality?
able to stun when out on the lurch   a tap?
the poet recalls rides on the Merritt Parkway
crusty poet   clastic poet   horrid else
health by the strap   a sorting of poets
a suitable rise at the optic end
Father Bowie a poet with a truthic sting
Pastel Benny a poet of the metallic burgs
later poets ride politics to the palace
highroad fools of all things there
a thought through your head and you're dead
to the poets

I wrote everything
suddenly that is poetry
set five miles north of here
less patient than the premise   a preface?
a poet that handles well
tug of war at the end of not much
as the window goes so goes childhood
wow! goes the gold and coal guitar
new songs by the musketload
there's no way to sit still for those
the poet lets his helmet float
listens to Manhattan Backfire on harmonica
dotes on salts of the licorice antenna
sugar finger   snug atlas fold
home by the path of Milton's plankton

The poet had a cherry license   poet fled
poet stocking up on elaborate waxen edges
those of the poets that have had their fill
poet bed spread   poet rocker arms
after the poet a damp spell   a wake
beyond the poet a good chance of nothing
the poet's own CIA   poet as malicious dancer
poet hole in things   poet waiting for no one
never stopping to think   never wanting for height
testing the zinc bar resting   feeling for loose lips
the poet's collection of agates a rhyming machine
poet's name changed so many times
poet as idiot pedometer   poet's furled snarl
the poet many times back since

The poet tends to bend things
carries a rhombus
a trombone to the end
seeks?   tricks
enters the Bum Room
the Burn Room   the Flume
the goalie takes a trolley
the poet thumps till ready

The poet is on call on Snake Day
until contacted   till disconnected
running the finish line
the poet has or does he?
screams at the sun
waves at the wind
cheers at what's over
come him   come anyone
over the bend of the way
to the Mainstem
the poet trips there
overcome with shadow
   and handsbreadths
   and high matters
imaginary matched shadows
sparrow tonnage   fleet arrivals
the poet will not bargain
a poet his own numbers
leaves tomorrow for Else

Poet health?   as such
poet wealth?   the poet toughens
poet sound?   poet alarmed

poet orders   infinite fingers
poet as Terhume
poet as Oliver Lake
poet as all Three Musketeers

Don't know who you are
  you might be a poet
no one dubs you poet
  pronounced as Wallace Stevens
  cobbled as Williams
  unconstrained as an ignu?
Paul Haines a poet
  Ida Lupino on a jaw's harp
Preacher Rollo a poet
  pestering his lead soldiers
Olson & Johnson original poets
  wheeling and executing their casts
poet at the beach garnishing the strand
poet in a candystore case
  dreaming of Bruce Conner's hand
poet trying his slide show at the beach
  might set twelve airplanes at a stretch
poet stalling   brooding
poet sheltered from all that
  attitudinal tooting
poet ensnarled in a poem
  there's no hope for
a poet blown back from the war
poet hoist in his highchair odes
poet beyond reach of his gods
poet in blacklight
  under the family blanket
poet in a blue dress spontaneous

The poet misheard
   the very engine of being
George Shearing in a parallel booking
   causes a convening in the shrubbery
is that someone tugging?
   an airplane in the soup tureen?
the poet answers no one
poet caught by newsprint folding
   no right to be flying but does
a poet confounded
   by the words: bud
      stem   austere   doormat
poet a pigeon in drag
   builds an ode to alphabet soup
      a hill to himself
bucket in a tree for Charlie Parker
   a sledge for Neal C
   plectrum for Ben-Gurion
runs like a gull in his worn pants
starts then stops then stands apart
wears out batteries in his sleep
tosses rhymes like a stack of chairs
wants to turn here or there
   or the passing place
poet catches a bird
   running from a surfer
poet never so few
poet a five-by-fiver
poet in a gnarly country lounge
poet entered in the Chopper Olympics
poet where it's no fair
a sole poet?   but more would come

Baby Gouda a poet with no legs
  a camera with zoom ball
  buttocks with flaps
  an underground of his own invention
Zap Plouffe a poet of clothesline yarns
  tattooed in fluorine lots
  simple as a camp stand
  unable to read for fear
  not so's you could hear
the poet of the cantilevered
  candelabra stares
poet in a line of molded ores
poet of the world unsettled
  blew up a nickel bull
  stopped to hover for a hiss
  entered poems as wind shifts

Poet a stand-in for your other daughter
tore off an ode to Ed Lauter
balloon tire and a few shorts
has his name on a helicopter
pulls DEFLATE THIS! on behind
the poet strokes pet worlds
  then changes them like a lens
  he just keeps going by
the poet that just thought of why
  a panel show wall
  three sheets to each wind
shrugs like Jimi Hendrix in a snit
  saving up penalty balls
gave up on the world in a shower
for whom there's never too tall

  a tower of flowers
  puffball failures
  out of whack at the dinner hour

Poet in a pure blur daze
his occasional poem but it's too noisy
  too small a holder
  too tall a booth
could be an astronaut if
  he'd only cease
a poet as the apple in the room
the picture of Ray Johnson in a pup tent
  as Patricia Lumumba
an icicle from balsa wood
the night the tiles flew up
the poet whose poem was a socket
  whose one was Number One
  who mistook a song for a sigh
  a brassiere for a touch plate
  for someone who's late
the poet who built a ladder from
  the Hums of Pooh
  who grew cloud mattress moons
  a love bed in the rafters
  rave about a bat of basalt
the poet who blew his snout on leaving
  whose ode to oxygen snapped
  who traded lineages with the Bubble heir
  started a cook fire with buryable gems
  then made a bird move over
  his poem abrupt as a shoe
    a decimal pulse

a Caterina Valente cancellation
   cheek-red waterbarrow or snare
serenades Goodnight Ladies with tubas
opens the door to titmice
   a cast salad
                    a dreg
the poet in someone's way
the poet a bit off today
just like him to never be stumped
poet a lolly doctor
poet applied to be king
not so much penetrating as perching
thinks: is it time for my boat to go?

The poet stands to reason
the poet submits to birthplace
the poet has no thoughts that rhyme
the poet sees to it that

The poet's shelf with broken funnies
  the plundered self
poet Johnny Wheatbridge invented a stone test
  for the high loose voltages
the poet of broad cigars
  jejune apes
  imported tapsters
the poet who changes the valves of rafters
the Great Poet of Sum
the community poet of tin

The poet is one of the Dark Partials
the poet is a master of portals
poet as a poet ever was
or should be a poet to the asserted end
view of all this as the rest of us do?
the poet has not a digital clue
the poet awful more often than
a poet never classified
the poet steps to the wall and writes it back
the poet is solid hollow
the poet walks over the hill road and back by dark
the poet is never sharp
nor does he follow
the poet never learned to park

Stirred his drink with a stalactite
to color it the poet

When I was a poet I sang as a child
now I hunt those hidden songs

Tell me a poet who's lasted beyond this world

There was little laughter
till a passel of poets . . .

Storage poets and undertongue poets and sponged-from poet
poets up on radar nets and myxomycetes
poets but never in series light up a storm
coming-to poets and coming-true poets their equals
still to be caught in a poemless cloud
transparent poets illuminating the cul-de-sacs
fragile poets on still water establishing
stationary poets at the lapels of fringe poets
some poets stutter as lag poets stammer
scant trace of prepoets or postpoets
then maybe no poets?

The poet of the tapestries burns barns in his spare time
the poet of the hot chamber is an intimate of Popeye's
the blond poet is not his true shade
the shadow poet likes things crisp
the low-cut poet and the uppercut poet
the sponge poet and the Bakelite poet
there are collections of such poets
the lineage poet does not keep a list
the lineage poet writes liner notes instead
the coverage poet writes on the reverse of maps
the sound in the poet's rooms is not source music
the copier poet broke down at midday
the poet of the veil with the poet in the veil
the poet who won a war kept it on his bureau

All the poet's life he'll be entering small shops
just before six PM wintertimes
entertaining late shifts on golden bicycles
he'd rather have kept a red hen and listened
stacked dark watercolors   a bare sense of
attending the collapse of the Grand Canyon
a rhyme-to-rhyme effluvium at vortex
never to ask Now is it evening?
a curtain moving by the corner jazz club
shutter it   there's a scent   unquote
not to hoard or waste whatever comes
a poem the color of binoculars   poem of
strains   poem written in a back kitchen
poem a staple of death   poem hewn
from certain solids   the poem of grave mistakes

It got to the point that everybody I knew
was either a poet or in the army
dead or in the movies   inventor
of the dumdum or an airplane aid
everything was either off or on

Unless you write the poem you'll be out
of cigarettes and soon be dead

But who has ever taken credit just
for being?

Poems passing by like transport units
endure or collapse
the poet tears one off
called Ready To Go

Sometimes a big dead blood sheet bars the way
somewhere they feed their pets only pencil leads
some passages cannot be followed entire
for they have no conclusions
so many depend upon

But we're on
poem time here
no waiting

The poet made holes in muffins being paid by the strand
when I was a poet   when I was a portrait
a potentate   a Peterbilt   a porcelain stevedore
a peek at that shack at the end of the peneplain
poet the finisher of everybody's questions
                              poet takes a phone break
poet broods getting the point
poet catlike perplexed by doorsills
how many people do you think there are in the world?
                 add ten poets
poets turn mistakes into alternate takes
    live on doughlike conundra
            soap-accurate   a natural candelabra
    it's normal if not eventual
car in a field
            drives past where he buried his poems
once heard to say
                                 it's glandular around here

Why does a black saddle keep appearing in the poems?
a handful of grease   two long paper tubes
the title The Dells Of The Depths
angostura bitters   pennypinching types
the Madonna of the Caves   nothing that lasts
something that does   a throttle sand wedge
subjective sentence   Lou Alcindor
Bill Anaconda   Cecil Rhodes
recurrent taps laths and plasters
Segovia in the water   daffodil answers
just a lot of random repetition?
or random significance?
                              a poet's readers to deal with that

The poet his nibs   the poet a natural cracker
the poet a red fluid   the poet an underwater page
the poet in a pod   the poet a missing frame
the poet a wicked citizen   the poet out of range
the poet under the sun   the poet's time's begun
the poet a bindlestiff   the poet's age of risk
the poet who is not   the poet who hasn't lost
the poet at the peak of detail   the poet of the snail
the poet leaving for home   the poet finding a bone
the poet has a foghorn to tune   the poet a baboon
the poet of the flaps   the poet that keeps tapping
the poet of the lozenge   the poet named Katcavage
the poet drops in his sleep   the poet's change on the street
the poet's foot   the poet's light   the poet's fate

The slot-filler who met the furrier a poet
the moonman dissolved in a dot another
your neighbor under the weather a poet's other
the fixer a trembler quoted the poet solid
the poet vented the call of the ceiling bone
red mirror white toothbrush a poet's loan
one poet a splurger poet a pearl in oil
by any standard the falling poet a poet pleading for aim
spun acres follow the poet an atomized pen pal
the poet treated as such   a poet out to lunch
the cult of the online poet   grass-stained poet
the mother of all the maths raised a poet from stamps
the poet installing dreams in museums
poet of stray jumping beans   strewn slabs

He was born in a sauna grew up by the twitch
constrained by a plastic strap faulty star map
foolscap miles   an awful wide smile
slipping of the broken ones the dawn of no fun
an education chilling altered bones brimming
what?   cool as a child?   nothing but water morsels?
the glass of hazard would pass him by
like families handing on ham sandwiches
French cracks disclosed in backyards
declensions in stacking presumed lost
thought of his dwelling as a covered river
sound effect of a comet salted the deal
a pattern bound in neon viburnum
belted to an ivory doll the size of Grant's tomb
just another poet among the finds

Brought up deeply centaur the poet ducks his head
broken branch of native spore nerves aloft await
that Dunkirk Ode will get him nowhere
but brute tugs of the line   natural mysteries
haHA!   jagged entrance to the lawn hole
an oldster's charm   ganja gone down under the dale
screech of a rhyme misfiring   wrong end taken
ice bowl shaken   stasis brindles   conch shell cracking
the poet gathers his hill town neighbors
a great madrigal of engineering to a T
stanzas to the nines   silver bramble mines
maybe too close to the end of this poem?
too late?   heard the snap of that snake?

The shadow poet keeps a ladder by
the saddle poet keeps his resin clear
the spare poet wouldn't dare
the lifetime poet draws near the brink
the puzzle poet wrestles dwarves
the lacework poet assembles dripstones
the trendy poet shuns all banks
the brawn poet turns all bones
the dog poet turns cat poet
the sweat poet greets the crate poet
the nudge poet cuts notches in desserts
the bell poet hurts

The swell poet emerges
the torque poet is a lefty
the butter poet has a petal talent
the bottle poet has a good cry
the silence poet waves his plectrum
the wave poet to a stop
the tangle poet to a point of balance
the lore poet in the basement dithers
the score poet in the attic with his scissors
the coal haul poet to his flagpole
the foolscap poet in his druthers
the earflap poet in his mire
the tagalong poet to the depths
the poet put away wet

The tungsten of the poem wasted in a nightlight
the gristle of the poem mislaid   unheard
the “of” of the poem misfiring   beeee!
the globe of the poem still forming
stuck thumb of the poem unbearable
sleep of the poem the comb of the poem
thread with a pumping noise
size itself had become a poem
the poem that has had its fill
the poem’s home is still warm
the poem only run through twice
the poems of Vincent Price
the poem of the hunch poem of the tense
an overall summing of the poem’s sense?

A voice calling you out of the poem
hysterical the walls in their echo
transplant the lucence of the day's poem
the night's stray poem at its brink
a go-getter's poem   glass house poem
the poem only out on flash cards
the one gone to ground verse
dripping from the Chalcedony Test
verse that toots its own vent
a poem of the latent brittle codes
stone boats and stiff pens abroad
the poem that comes with another sense
additional samples out of oak and yew
a poem to misconstrue

The poem through which I'll always sleep
the poem of the unforeseen breach
the poem of the wire rod and harm spring
the poem of end up on shore
the poem of fear to your ear
the poem of more

Never drain the code or it will draw you in
just as the poet so shall you end
the poem then of one who lives in the shadows
the poem that fits a plain forest in one cell
the poet is always led somehow
the poem is never quite dead

A cold dark tasting of the poem eternal
the light lifting foot of the poem begun
the stuck short poem of the end

Poets on drums   on springs   sitting in
for wayfaring strangers   in saddles   on shovels
embellished turns   misbegotten tones
well water shining in optical corners
poets on endless drives their unleavened lives
beers in trees   bees in those beers   stones
saved up for the weekend   bubble hoards
noodle ace plans   struggle space
the poet tugs away at metal barns   sluices
stopping in moods on swollen meetings
in wasted countries   at shadowy times
poets tend to   poets affix   poets drop
miles down into a soundless gelatin
poets so up for   poets never in line

A poet seen in purple bubble near former junkyard
poet with a grey shape parked far from his harvester
a poet's heartbeat heard at Storage Creek
small red poet in a blinding light
poet seen aping a tiny bomb
poet with the appearance of being see-through
poet playing with a ball that glows
poet throws a boomerang the size of a car
poet stopping then coming back
static poet with a lowing sound
poet realizing his plumb time has gone
two high poets moving trees till they disappear
poet with success fishing at a refinery
poet firing his flashlight at the sun

The wounds on the poet could be closed with common glue
the morals of the poet were displayed on a float
the courage of the poet was battle average
poet claims no walls are blank
the poet shifted in his tank
poet thought he had things all wrapped up
the poet that never managed to shut
poet lives in a rescued hill
poet raised in an amber light
the poet known as Old Bloody Doug
a poet's free ode to some squid
the poet that licked his walls once
   swam with Muhammad Ali
another poet left his book in a tree

The bus stop poet and the please stop! poet
the one with back fever   the one with nothing on
the poet who perfected circular rhyming
   his poem on the formation of dust
the poet so redeemed in time
   he could only breathe helium
the poet who aspired to an average demise
   his poem that refused to rise
the poet who wrapped himself in the pages of other
   poets against the cold
the poet whose brains were too old
the poet told to stand in the corner that did so
the poet known as The Arriver
the poet who nearly froze at Pear River
the poet who won the Nobel for proxy poems

The poet who put the spark to Gummer's Farm
the poet that led the darkness away
the poet that left a rumble
the poet who put the whammy on Gram
the poet who sent away for a rod
the poet that took up camel splicing
the poet that left a trail of cartoons
the poet that made a blade of the moon
the poet that left too soon
the poet who loved an all-day sucker
the poet that rode a Halifax truck
the poet whose poem is a container
the poet whose favorite posy is a nastydistra
the poet whose history is root-bound

Poet refused to kill the mackerel bird
poet that slipped on marginal topsoil
the poet that wrote from the Ivory Hotel
the poet that took himself to be filled-in
poet flirty as all sin
the poet who lived on borrowed rhyme
the poet trapped by what he saw in a photo
   his Ode to Mister Moto
the poet whose thousand volumes were only a start
the poet who was given a part
the baby poet frightened by a top
the poet who followed doctors
   especially Professor Lantern
poet thrilled by bubblers and their bubbles
the poet whose rubber was composed of chocolate
   his lemon of chalk
the poet who set forth in a satin boat

The poet whose calm was a ruse
the poet whose work was a tray of shoes
the poet who remembered A New Folder
the poet whose volume was older
   whose poems refreshed the Cane of Man
   whose poems were tuned to a hidden station
the poet who whittled himself a sledge
   whose poems always centered on an edge
the poet who broke into a cave lined with verse
poet who gave off light took in dark
poet found staring   poet found aiming
the poet of no special training
   his poems requiring nothing
the poet who had no Russian
   nevertheless wrote in

The poet's heart beats the beach to
within an inch then sees his picture on it
the poet has been replaced?   leaves
anyhow   walks on stolen legs
turns out the village lacks its poet
not even to fill the bill or anything
poet spells like a skeleton   it figures
there are mice in the poet's résumé
he puts down on Congress Rock
no or yes?   tercet or quartet?
mainly quartz anyway dripping ochre
poet smokes a Sheraton cigar
treats of an awkward meat hole
it's a different air says Poet Bare

Poet comes in Monkish   no referee
poet snows on moonlit wine blossoms
the poet's greatest hits are external not eternal
one poet a tax expert   another a snob
a poet that counts?   poet counts in Japanese
sometimes people purple these parts
discussing everything but surrealism there
a bathtub poet turns down his radio
the on-the-air poet launches his blue fleet
a tumbler poet   rose punch poet
the poet who stopped by Nevada for lunch
popped out an ode to soba easy
the plaster poet was no master poet
the taster poet turned up out of it

Can you spell me
the rust on a six-year-old boat?
write out all the stones you ever?
skull is in position   begin
poet drops so he will not fall
is that a plesiosaur on your desk?
a pin in your scalp?   goodbye
time in!   the poet has his own
dyed-in-the-wool is not the poet's
pocket poet the own tricks one has
but did he first try on that pin?
the poet strikes a wonder position
foamy poet in a milky parlor
after a while poet saddled with
poet after poet with

I blamed that poem on the drugs
the licorice on the lariat
sunshine in a maritime poem like insulin to the temple
tell me about the oldest tempo poem
you need to talk back to the poem?
still   I think of the next word I'm a poet
to within several inches or linkages
a poem that requires you then and now
the poet never to be slanting things
poem only pretending to stop   right off
that poem is you isn't it?   not?
the simile a furnace full of small ducks
ones who got engaged with a poem
the poem of it all

The poet has seized on a chance
but too bulky in clothes to write that ode
hides his drafts under his seat
poet passes that monument every hour
a poet with the purity to focus no matter
what poet would tell you more?
poet lies down among the statues
the poet receives a snub
the way the poem holds seeds in silence
the poet saves a bean for the long haul
poet not very good with sheer people
the poet whose magazine is ample
the poet who has never called you anything
the poet whose destiny is empty energy
the poem that reaches the poles

Those poems are mine too   impossible
well who did it?   notes on broken ground
from a long stick of names   discs and filmy
nanoknowledge   has to do with a poem?
I don’t trust this dinner   the poet in his cups
at his work   the poems of no benefit
still a straight shot of never sorry to
the poems of a welterweight   no snob
the poems of a gelatin ease to a stop
poem of a rock   poem of a fig
the singular poem lying in wait
I depend on the animal one
poem starts to whir
to a start   to a double tap
the poem is a ringer

Burn barner   full cab to a stop
don't buzz off with a poet present
knows from necking knows from nothing
blots cigarettes on a wall of no account
encoder needs more lead than all the pencils
in the midst of the poem there's a lounge
crystal pendulum   porcelain frog
broadcast of dough and a dry flamboyance
uncertain poems fold into wallets
certain poems traced on earthenware
a poem that has the time is not so great
no poem has ever said wait
now that I've heard it I can't sit down
a mile race to the side of the poet
could you ask for more of a poet?

Who or what could ever house the poet?
better shift those mice you see at his side
send out for money?   the poet seeks his number
says after all he wants his odes back
the poet be enjoined or conjoined to?
change or sponge the world?   a singularity
or similarity?   like cold fusion at
a perfume counter   lift a lid there's the poem
ever seen a poem written on a passport?
price of the poem a dip in a frozen lake?
so many poems but too many folks
a poem that has no top
poems that come to the plate
these poems have upon them fur!

Poet puts one word in
the center of the page
what's behind it?

The poet leaves

A character named AYZLER
floating on a second sheet

I would present the poet
I would lock the poet   rocket the poet
the rat poet and his sandy followers
slippin' and peepin' the march branch poet
a send-off for the simply there poet
who has never read Lives of the Poets?
sayonara to the U-tube all bubbling over
with ray poets and pent poets and trust poets
families of poets as you catch them as they hang
the poets of a lean copper   poets of lend-lease
poet lawyers a sheaf of illogical contentions
must have read so many poets   read of the others
slippers to shoes the cogs of the poem work
exceeding fine   the dregs all drop

The poet strings out one-words
even if it's a low fit
latched to not a thing
slim word to every word
knocks a hole in or drills?
what the odd word spills
no pet words or all
stenciled in a blazing neon
Recreation Moon   Turntable Nola
James Baldo or James Bomb?
have I reached the age of these words?
a single one of the standard hoard?
press for the poem   pull for the silence
the poet gives out

The poet of internal affairs
the poem on a tear
the poem of inappropriate pharmaceuticals
poem that's a pinup rainbow
poem of a powder   Zanzibar
the hip pocket maelstrom and corner éclat
poem of splat   poem cart   poem false start
the poetry of mere print or sheer device
a history of the power plant in verse
the hundred thousand million billion poems!
rig-up poems until the matrix collapses
the end rhyme passes the dearest near misses
the epic Lautréamont left under his mat
the poem plastered to his back

Press the buzzer there's another poem
kind of knowledge that silences the room
laughing boy source of that poem
try a router   avoid the neuter
the poem probes the benison
poem full frontal but not facial
the holstered poem   the high tension poem
that lemon book is not so bad
vacuum of the following flux
a millrace tux resultant vortex
a poem that was never written
curtain time for the midterm version
ride out the poem on nothing but spine
a poem on nothing but time

Give yourself to the poem collapsing
Gregory Corso I can hear you laughing
how about a poem a week from tomorrow
stanza on stanza keep it traveling
tarpaulin across the dry creekbed poem
quarter-page poem six hours in the writing
stack up the chalking what will it come to?
the best poems were written in a zoo
a favorite always the locked room poem
the poem for a life the poem left out
the poem you'd have to shout
to get away with having written it
the poem left out with the laundry
the poem charged with "open mopery"
poem born with a caul

The tribulator from the mackerel yards
key to the single tin washboard poem
laborious tent peg poem   hung poem
never a blemish again unless it's in a poem
that Wabash poem more written about than written
the poem of machine-faded words
the poem of too many faces but matching fuses
brace for self   ace an alligator
how about a poem? in specie or coin
elephant balanced on an icicle point
poem wise or otherwise   poem caught on
the way to school   those olden rules
the perfect pedal pushed a poem comes up
poem bled into a Dixie cup

Poem Arapahoe   poem Union Station
poem pink slip   poem ballpoint
poem cold print   poem keep your seat
poem stumbling block   poem butcher block
poem on the rocks on cloud cover dock
poem of state divisions   of making a living
poem given   poem chasing   poem driven
poem of hey! etc   poem as deterrent
poem bails out   poem with a trailer
poem that stomps about like a sailor
poem that ended rolled up in a shoe
poem written in a secret journal
poem of the frozen pond   poem going around armed
poem that would suit your mother   poem of the other

Poem not too bright but just right for the space
the poem classified   declassified   reclassified
poem that posits a long branch balloon
poem all inclusive but a deer just walked in
poem corazón   tube of salt   scratched vicuna
poem where you walk right in and walk right out
poem of the in-room sound   poem maraca
poem cribbed from a novel   staircase newel
poem needing keeping in a refrigerator
poem that plans on clotting the scan
poem that won't cease to rhyme
poem nothing but lights in the night
poem a tangle of one-man bands
poem gone loose from one's hand

The poem when what to do was going on
the poem deep basements of an office garage
The Collected Poems of William Windex
the poets cruise around like bucket simps
poems written with a shoehorn
poem with a choice of masturbations
the poems of Skill Saw Nation
humdinger poem of the plastic staircase
poems written on long marches
poems built on your father's spine
poems written in time
poet who's a shelf reader
poet who went dark
poet still on the clock

The poet returns home to some ugly bubbles
the poet has memorized the occasional muggles
the poet tends to yawn in a cavern
the poet writes a thousand-pager called The Option
the poet's steps are blurry
the poet tries never to hurry
the poet's keyboard is named Marvin
the poet doesn't see what this has to do with anything
the poet hints at a concertina text
the poet thinks each letter has a sex
   has no time for an ode to lumber
   saves up a thousand pounds of ponder
the poet adds up all the missing feet
the poet then concludes with All reet! but in thunder

Poet don't be that way
the poet had to be you
for I have got another poem
the poet with a knowledge box
  looking for a silver lining
poem from the hall of golf clubs
poem brought to a standstill
  of no explanations
the mystery of Union Station
  won't let me be
the poem my naughty sweety gave to me
a poem to the end of the line
  no more sitting on this crustal eddy
  fossil fields for further study?
the poems in your own backyard
poems that are not what they want you to think
  poems to Dieter Rot and Wols
  the original source for Christmas carols?
poem with a desperate clanking sound

This poet is having a chest attack
that poet's bones are elsewhere
this poet is a fountain of postage
that poet sees apes throw rocks
poems coming out in bundles
poems carved on slabs
poems burned into the countryside
poems free in cereal boxes
the Long Ranger poem ring sent for
poems preserved in amber
poems on deeds and treaties
poems breathed in with the air
poems charged with crimes
poems with deadly rhymes
poems that make you deaf and blind
poems in the sea on the wind between the stars
poems tacked up in bars
                              their only publication

The poet gathers arrows for the ventilation
the poet to go up and straighten his room
a space laden with secret formulas
pirate shit   knives that are always wet
the poet bends at the summons of plain air
his poems thrown at the sky never to return
his lemons taking their place unnumbered
then cumulative   then written on roads
poem starting with Hi!   poem a lowering grey
the one that avoids attribution   a tingling
season unfairly set becoming true
the poet remembers the Siamese rain doesn't
write it out   the numbers prevent
the poem that says the sea cannot be loved

The poem hooked to loss   its hoses
a corked barrel music   lead waters
a poem that keeps   an article loose
someone else must sponge up this poem
the stumbles poem of an odd magnetism
the list as a poem always more than a list
did he say misery or mystery of a saturday?
illuminated title   staining the wall
poem composed of plankton   poem made of rice
great frozen masses still left of the poem
the poet winds up and lets go   flies
space as time of tugs and spies
the poem an accounting?   the trend to a drop
the silk leads to suffocation
its separate spots

Are these poets?   they will not wait for you
the ticking of alarms in matrix
the poems haven't been touched since
not as if you could fully consume
adore a masterpiece of plaster and roses
pull the stick out of the poem it stops rhyming
to cease trying a million poems on the strand
the Ornette poem spoken in gusts on the Bowery
the Bob Cooper poem launched from Hermosa Beach
thought to string along?   never to quite level
in the distance the poet's storm lands
a poem open to the whole world

If the poem is literal the poet tamps it down
not quite to snuff it out   say or do
the poet his fill of empty sheets
to complete the volume the poem is wafer-thin
poem so short   poem among the missing
the poem addressed to restlessness or torque
a thunder in the wells of the poem   with a
twist of rust   stops where the poem stops
I guess this poet has not quite yet got
the torn pages of all combination
jellyfish in a tree   mastodon in the basement
a poet from the Radiolarian Constellation
a system where they don't have Mars

Poems stand for silence and
attributes that come to no sum
poems that are pools   poems that have airs
a pale blue Lincoln crunching gravel
pulls the string on the living arrow
a poem a day keeps   a Miss Marple
that writes nothing but poems
spare time is no consideration
speaking power?   no way
past as probe   present as last leg
future as leading edge   finish
go on   lightbulb as pushpin
plan of the poem as peneplain

He drives the poem   throttles the poem
poem as a glancing blow
poem of hot water   poem of snow
the poem loosed from bedclothes
knocks on the poem's door   a shining gate
can you tell me the way to the poem?
a local poem   gone out for a stroll
the keyboard an Incan stone wall
one poem a breeze   the next one becalmed
the poem controlled by its pronouns
another crystallized by detail
how about a vein?   now about some spine
the poem once lost will never be found
a poem by anyone   then turned from

What are you grunting about?
the poem   won't say goodbye
a poem worth its grasp   a chance
how did you find the poem?   by turning
left at the plant   remains on the floor
the poem's last leg   forward foot
poem of the scientist that lost his newt
his correspondence   a reference on any score
poem composed of rubber stamps found in a drawer
the one thrown in with all the others
a certain clarity of mess   the poems
your father shows you in the summertime
the winter ones anonymous   the substance
the deposit and the inscription

I keep writing as if these poems were simply
available   don’t mind if you can help it
beseech than breed all the way down
insert Tab B   unglue the lock
maybe just a burble   a twist of the hair
the poems of a small boy   prick of a pin
how the poem wears   the name?
the never   poem of the cable news
poem of nothing but hallways   chatter
the strobing at the prow of a band
the poem that leaves little or of this poem much
a question of broken structures the answer
poem hitting the bricks   some or none?
you leave once the poems come

Stripped to the gills   excuse for the poem?
strapped to the nines   the cost?
a minor poem   teen poem
a catch   the staircase is roped off
the poems burned up in the fire
the poems of a summer raid
the poems of Hopalong Cassidy's niece
the poems apiece   a dumb dense load
the high blue periwinkle tight
the door through which the poems slice
the ones of birthright   of an age gone stale
poems that take care   poems wide awake
which direction did you think the poem would take?
how many poems till we're done?

Bound undermined
the editor’s job   works the poem down
mere pit of itself   crumbs on tap
sure where that poem went?
hup hup! cash in that cow   the color
of snow   steps on the poem
each stress a start or strap
pine material   harps in grandiose terms
a god did it but that one’s flown
took the cover off the cow and wrote it
seemed the right thing   lactate in matrix
corn on the cob   teaspoon on table edge
poem writ in water
poem needing a tug

John Goodman's poem on cash cows
Paul Goodman's poem on elopement
Benny Goodman's poem on the walls of Troy
Amy Goodman's poem on the Peruvian caper

Sid Caesar's poem on swing tenor playing
Caesar Romero's poem on cotton swabbing
Roman Polanski's poem on the Dutch
Jackson Pollock's poem of dust

What part of this poem will be left?
what part of this is the poem?
where will the poem come to rest?
would you recognize the Poem of the Mess?

Paul Goodman's poem on the wall
John Goodman's poem to the dust . . .

Poem taken in highway robbery
poem honed to a certainty
poem of the boulder lodged
sharpened poem of the old codger
poem never intended to stop
it's waiting downstairs   that one
poem that cleared the institutions
poem that resisted completion
passed through the mountain and out
the poem under the constraints of sand
poem of an elephant gun
poem to a flame in the sun
poem down to its original stone
the poem never thought up
the poem lingering to an end

Stowed poems and thrown poems and load poems
pistol poems and misty poems and ditzy poems
poems where you know how it is
poems that avoid a complete staring
poems not even implying poems
that swallow their own kisses
poems that duck hits and misses
poems hidden on the square
poems kidding in plain sight
the poem of morning to night
the poem that all it does is stay
the poem you can't throw away
poems so loud they must be stored
poems so thin they bore
a poem to the core

Poems that you could whistle
poems that leave a burn
the poem spoken out of turn
poem leaving a mark
poem spending your time
poem leaving the table
poem gone stale at the end
poem to the limit
the poem another time
poem that carries the one
poem taking decimal space
poem right in your face
poem that's an atomizer
poem on a check from Pfizer
a poem for which you long

Had a finger in that poem?
can imagine the ravine out behind
sheds light on the matter
this poem goes both ways
nothing wrong with the poem a little spare time
couldn't fix   how about a sound wrench?
the poem never the plan of the poem
the territory is not the target   dream on
that poem has been too long on the job
or just a new turn on my figment
a poem that does nothing but start
works like a glass of water   spoken
then wet in the car under a sushi roof
nary a mote gone tacky

The poem is like a train it . . .
a vestibule with a lock on the tracks
features fractures and all mashed up
arrests made in the heart of a breath
the poem is sealed till . . .   a poem
after the train is gone?   a shibboleth
muck in a vitrine is all   blank face
pale verse   an injured turtle   a lark
Bob Ueker's poem on cutting one
a grifter's poem about marrying a winner
Thorvald's poem on the back apartment
hello to Alan Arkin's poem on the state of grace
a whole slate of poems and they are not jokes
poems spending long stretches of time

Why couldn’t you just stop writing poems
and see?   take the pen out of your hand
glub goes the rhyme scheme   so go the codes
poem pops from overstress   its leaden links
a John Wayne poem called Unstable U.S. Partial
that’s enough   poem a spotlight in the blazing sun
not a poem on the streets of Laredo
Duke sings like the rasp of an old fence
today’s western poem is a farce
a structure of dead plastic   poem of old skin
poem of starch   a last tent pole poem
pine nuts in bed   poem a matter of darn work
frosting on a wind chime   potted water
poem of lost colleges   a hostage’s nostalgia

Poet get your sack and go   37 dollars damage
hanging around cold campfires and public gangways
pillow over the poem to smother it
man on sausage patrol with a will
boy's hat matches the one in the poem
he thinks bleeding is the same as being stupid
snap it and wrap it   let the poem burn Laredo
that poem's not even in this flicker
there's not a thing   a poem over your head?
you'll still win   yo-yo for the listening
you hear what I just let exist?
the train arrives at Nowhere at last
Royal Dano's poems about wooden pistons
and clay blocks stay holstered to this day

The barbecue stop on the poem shut down rusted over
the brain poem lost on a hard sky perk
the poem I once used has gone on ahead
my brother's poem my sister's poem the elastic ones

The childhood poem a train ran over now brass
the crystal poem melted on a sill
the wilder poem than anyone knew
a time of day there's a strain on the poem

Injured poems are replaced right away out here
the fastest poem in the west didn't last
the fastest poet in the U.S. is English
a new poet hangs out his shingle

All the poems despite what you think
the poem once thought . . .

Austerlitz silence   asterisk silence
even an astronaut's silence   becoming
another lap of silence   bastard silence
linoleum silence   dissolving in silence
anything its silence   Devonian silence
"frozen silence"   "a gold-encrusted silence"
a hull full of silence   idiomatic silence
a jazzer's silence   largesse silence
Miocene silence   a novelistic silence
orphic silence   part song silence quite
a riotous silence   severance silence
testosterone silence an uncovered silence
tedious silence   whatever silence
X marks the silence   even your silence
a Z taking the place of a silence
maybe only then a poem's silence

The poet mind drops out from time to time
a poet's epic on the beachfront area
poet leaves at last locking the dome
poet dazed by a dream of stone
a poem coming all out in spots
the poem as such diminished
still why is that poem on for tonight?
autodidact destruct poet or floor-it poet
the rhythmic whistle of an offshore chopper
the horse from here to a funereal pallor
poem of all known medical procedures
poem left on to stun   shots heard or seen
dead persons and their overruns
wouldn't crawl so far as a poem

The poem didn't grab me   I felt it withheld
that store-bought tube in the ceiling inadequate
if you couldn't read you wouldn't be here
researching all sorts of "touchdown"
the poem of how poets do not yell at each other?
questionable   a pedestrian chain of signs
poem in an awful shade a poem to trade
it's a wallet full of helium   it's a match
a poem on Martha's Vineyard   not a catch
there to Tuolumne a poem never to be recovered
monster of prosody   bastard of facility
poem of two hours   poem of the century
the hole that came out under the barn a poem
a work you couldn't stand to listen to another poem

A poem from the Bomb Squad   poem from
just a little girl   a never-written poem about
a lost poem   a final poem about the last poem
no two people agree on the same poem the same
green   the same poke   a true sock
whatever the subject you leave a hole for the poem
you'll be back later for the only poem that remains
what the poem says is not what it's talking about
a fatal fall from the bridge of the poem
only the poem people are looking for
the price?   one spent poem   a single
ball of meat   complex twist of a cracker
I once saw a poem alone in the sun
never had much fun after

I kept writing and writing until   a poem
an edge of a poem   no witness further
remember the necessary patience?   nada
poems of people who all hate each other
how do we stop those?   a blockade
of hipsters standing on ceremony   dig?
no Niagara   no feet from the brink   the company
had ceased to include poems with its cereal
you grew up on those poems   chewed the while
the poems from a promotional collection
the youngest by one Loewinsohn
how does he spell that poem?   one
that has a tendency to end in the drink
one of which you can't even think

A poem made of nothing but keep your voice down
poem made of the remnants of ice
the poem that rushes right out to impress you
poem that survives raw fame
the poem that has you talking funny
poem that hums like an airplane sleeve
poem called One Prick Tony (canceled)
poem of stick-to-itivity throughout
poem that comes for you   settles your hash
poem that expects your name is Johnny
a bold history of Tammany or Tommy
poem on Laura's Tower of Man's Feta
a poem novelistic   close to spastic
a sucker to the core and for not many

The book of poems called Who Am
called Stoop Jar   Ask North
going home with you no matter
you're from Haliburton?   on the fly?
read it in one savage peek then the utter
shredding of the poem's costume   who wrote?
a poem won a prize   lost its name
nothing but cakes and rice in there
nothing to the poem but a frosting sound
the land ahead the land behind a poet's find
hello   what's it to ya?   really something
there's a glass on these waters missing in the poem
headed for Ashtabula   headed to the sonic center
the poet floats past the edge of the main system

There are nudes   poems
couldn't you spare a candle wick?
Johnny Opium opens the piece
brick fire poem to the hazel eye
as the poem says   he is barely
sky all mammataform   one for the books
draw that dynamite   dissolve to solve
these Pinkerton streets   laughs   versus
the poem has a stake in nothing stopping
a consecrated fucking poem   crenulated poem
poem of the enabler's boast   some crust
whoever's left to look after the poem
you're lucky there's still any
peach melba . . . but oh the poem of full pockets

The experienced poem never to be seen again
the poem to be rolled like a moss log
the poem guaranteed never to lag
poem all face no breath
poem all laces no faces
a poem you spend the night with
that poem has its prepositional seasons
beachfront to the canyons   neighborhood of no odds
the poem Coltrane should have read
the poem Miles fixed and stashed
the poem of some water that gives no quarter
the poem of Lester's life   a poem by Lester's wife?
the poem come to grief
the color of the poem you forget

Poem maybe the wrong name for?
can't think of a name? it's a poem
you hear calls for a poem?
a poem shed untapped as yet
the poem all spent then?
could spare a sudden poem?   a budding poem?
some words are poems in themselves   feldspar
prune   made for a cabinet of curiosities
some poems won't stay on the surface
a poem of the great tipping wall
poem of the blue blur of absinthe
the poet takes a bath   spills his hair
the poet that would just as soon stay bare
a poem that remains useless

A cat ran through that poem   gathered little
hold the poem?   hold to the poem?   for now
poem to glow behind green glass   behind red?
the poem as if one were going somewhere
poem that goes to the head   or a set scene
poem plain as a lima bean   snuck that one in there
poem written down by a waterspout
a policeman ekes it out   notes it down
the heard cry behind a dry wall
post that poem before its tenses run out
a poem of borrowed goods   collected samples
poem that self-cancels   hard to handle
there's a right or a left handed poem?
hopes that you know what the poem's doing

Not to put too fine a point on   the poem
or one would be derelict at such a lack
not to want for a new world of the poem every time
the poems around here are still alive the rumor has it
Mister Kidney might be the poet you seek
alert to the vegetation of mood of word?
the world of the poem round and just this tall
the poem that stalled out in the middle of its flight
the poem it would take a drink to stand
the firework made of all these poems
the poet that made a signed escape
the printing was by someone else
how the poem lasted when struck
the poem written in a garden shed

The poems of Crazy Alice
the poems of Tear Sheet Palace
the poem when the music stops
the poem of a certain drape
the poem of some avidity
one poem's odd heredity
the poems with no ambrosias
the poems lacking Hoosiers
the poem with little of human events
a poem to keep in your pants
all these poems will be available to you
so many others improperly entered
the poet's gone away
a blindfold his inspiration

The styrofoam of the poem
or just the styrofoam of
the message of the book
not the message of its bite
the poem of its word
the poem held to its
clashes with its book
that scares mayhap
suspected the language of its poem
the judge charged to root out same
the one in the can of candy
in the popcorn in place of the toy
comes in aid of the poem
comes at a cost

I'd keep the poem in front of me
thought I heard a parrot's beak move
half moon at the start of the poem a full one later on
can one poem hide another?   not if
properly stationed   happy at the poem   angry at?
never ink-in the plot
                                        you might need it in the morning
the poem the right size
                                        to level with
the point of the poem   the point of the onslaught
the poem titled My Penis for Bernadette Mayer
                                                    still unwritten
poem come back!   poem tell me
the poem or was it a painting called Message Bird
                                                    Blunt Beethoven
                                                 Talk of the Next Ridge

When I get back I want the poem to be back
a shoe fight   a tad simple
a ladder chest   which is it?
any idea what that might be?   muffle bump
The Hod Carrier   The Claim Writer   The Sam
how about it?   which sample codes the answer?
can't often say   it won't say   it doesn't say
Washington–Cheyenne Cleanout   satin drill clove mat
I have met the poem and it is no one's
but that is okay because the poem comes beforehand
clay waters   breeze pad   olfactory shunt

How many times can I use the word
poem without sinking the poem?
how many variables can coexist?
worry more about the automatic
cancelling device   get on with it!
this is not a skill set

Some sort of ambulance will come to take the poem?
poem as if it fell from a great height
a fat wallet of water that poem as if
sandpaper and everything   poem at the kitchen table
during   it's vivid   you must feel
contained within a diamond or maybe won't
poem about a green ant   spins one around
that poem was from Down Under   famous there
this one was written in a white room with glasses
my name is X and I propose to file a poem
poem from a combination of rooms
the opposite of an open poem stuck in the sticks
as a child I shot arrows into the poems
a helpless absence the way it felt

This poet makes his own pasts from prehistoric worms
the meaningless poem has got to come his way some time
as if waiting on a flower from a keyhole
plutonium variations that were balloon variations
top of the poem freed an early goal
poem as tracks in the snow needs special lenses
the poem there's little to go on   run
see this rubber face beyond the poem
that poem   no other poem   just a poem
hurry read the poem like a draining lake
what can you tell about the absent but persistent poem?
poem like a meeting   poem like spent time
there has been the difficulty of many forms
there have always been explosions out of time

Once I was given the key to the bottomless poem
set free were you?   on the contrary
the writing down as if with suction cups was distressing
where does it come out?   I kept wondering
a whirring noise?   clicking of dice on porcelain?
the only images instantly erased themselves
a persistent listening behind the walls and a lot
of the resultant poem was the spending of time
as if it says to you nothing   gone
still   are those crickets?   mealy mouths?
if I yelled would it help?   a thicketing mass
tubular light of no fixtures   belt-high and going down
the poem's level in being   take the gun and soak
it gives a merry whack

My house of the poem   the hose of its suction
but what *did* they find up there in the poem?
dust off and read please   take a life?
parent or peanut the hands are still green
a Silurian sense of sentiment?   Permian?
today?   Captain Sigmund Freud gambler
perpetual tumbler in the glycerin poem
dense heads of the prism poem   unfettered
larval when frozen   encapsulated firm
the large clearings within the poem room
more room for   room to conjure with   vermiform
a certain light   speak you under the table
Bella By Starlight   an American Earwig
the universal core sample signal comes on

The woman's poem of a landed symmetry
the man's collaging of maps to the poem
and now back to the origin of the poem
a child running but not yet speaking
the color yellow native to only a few worlds
the word "bonkers" its original meaning
a wearing down through weathers and usage
a snoring had yet to be discovered   a roaring
overall   the molecular diagram of
champagne   you must fly away . . .
we're back   all the lost notes
waterfalls in gorges that don't need their poems
just wish we had fucked?   so anyway . . .
this labyrinth is too well occupied
a poem's problem   people are starving
the straight ahead poem won't vibrate at all
stop thinking of it as   like wallpaper?
forget the Buddha   listen to the beard

There's something on the desk   a latent poem
will go   it'll bell out   so to last
so what if there were ill-made pages?
blasted Lacanisms!   almonds almost toasting
you'd been driving aimlessly   that left a mark
a snow cave   a mirror in which to freeze
what are they doing down there in the light?
the words   left in perpetuum   even more
participation and it's a gem of a difficulty (germ?)

The poem of the decimal cattle
the poem of some fix
the poem of I love you
the poem of Hedge Ledge
the poem of sample laughter
the poem of stuffiness
the perfect body of the poem?

A legal poem that could shatter stone
we're going ahead now   get clear if you need to
set off due to something or other to select anew
poem with a freak vibration?   poem on
the birth of a pencil   weighed down with stunt bags
thought you said that poem would have no effect?
more like it's melted   jumps to preserve
such poems   a stench like rotting space
a poem and change   for years but I can't
guarantee my stomach   put that down
thing leaks like a panda without forethought
better put a speckled label on it   to wit
the poem of a car dealer   insulin pusher?
can't imagine how that thing's feet are controlled

The sun came out on the rubbish dump poem
passed on the poems classified as insects
seen a carbon wool poem in many different countries?
poem's title wore off before anyone came to claim it
poems that could be consumed by the police
what to do about those poems?   nothing
the discovery of a poem with startling implications
poem termed a pace machine   poem called a gnarl
poem still not available   the poem withheld
the poem cut off till further notice
poem that couldn't endure any reaction
you really believe that poem is possible?
a poem of great alarm and seasonal theory
the poem to produce the exact reaction it has

The poem dealt with is not dangerous   precious?
where was that poem when the lights went out?
but I must get in   I left some poems down there
why one of those poems turned me into a newt
poem made me run for my writing machine
someone actually winded by a poem?
can you relate what happened in that poem?
what color was the poem?   blue?   no   dark
that poem is going to need proof
know the Bedroom Odes of Doctor Watson?
some poems have never come through humans
poems that amount to one huge buzzer
generator poem?   getaway poem through water?
a poem that sounds like sheep running after

An American poet in London
a French poet in Algiers
an Egyptian poet in Paris
an African poet in Manhattan

The Lunch Poet in hospital
the stand-up poet in stitches
the beautiful poet asleep
the White Tower poet strung up

The symbolist poet in stop time
the confessional poet in overtime
the conceptual poet in situ
the Beat poet by any other name

These poems derive from the pumpkin vine
a crawdad on an old porch   lava later
black bra chiaroscuro   reflections of lit flesh
bubbles?   you want bubbles?   the room just emptied
you recognize the poem?   okay let's go
feels like a fuck blocked by a plot
achieves rooftops and little else nights
the poem says Zanzibar and not much more
cabs begin to drift   a hurricane of sludge
Bohemian Rhapsody from an open chest   salt
would start any car on this world   guess
the poem was wrong   rain in the poem
an effects poem   a secret gynecology text
poem both home and home from

Max Finstein a corn hen to be dipped
Piet Mondrian the organist
Joe Early's duet with Don Shirley
David Rattray a weapon against the rain
A salt shaker in the hand of Carol Bergé
Roxie Powell the bug in a duck
Jamie MacInnis funny you should ask
Piero Heliczer compact as the sun
The Punishment of John Wheelwright an Ode
W. D. Snodgrass a dream of pickled horseflesh
Billy Collins a tissue of gummy bears
John Fles the magazine youth
David Salle tear sheet of the month
John Koethe a sally

The poet left behind to think about it
the poet piling up Mama Mias
the poet whose words were dicey
   whose words have shrunk
the poet of one glorious map

The poet who took the safety off
the poet who was born pregnant
the poet who laughed back at the sphinx
the poet who threw his heart in the street

The poet as prisoner the realizer of war
the poet who didn't have one
the poet as no one and a bit beyond
the poet full of a model solace

The poet who wouldn't know   preferred not
the poet you were looking for

A Madonna playing the Christchild like an ocarina
Russia 1989–90   the poems of time
we do not have   Arkadii says Twin Peaks
is our Cherry Orchard   a little
Sidney Bechet it's time   walks by the Neva
throw your friends in a bus good luck
publish me?   what is this thing?
poems do not tell the time   they flush
they strap up your arm you commit a poem?
the United States of Abe   the United States of Allen
we cross the Lion Bridge giving or not giving a hoot
a boat?   I don't recall seeing any
there were poems on every street corner
or didn't you agree?

If the war works let me know
if the poem suffers too much sun not enough moon
The Hedgehog a poem fading into brush outside the train
in Russia they make lists as well
the poems of separation   poems of bullet marks
we cross the Lion Bridge again in full overcast
poems fed on fumes above the Neva
written out fully in a silent tongue
this conveyance makes the sound of writing
places where poems are required for entrance
scansion for expansion   eventually corn flakes?
the doors of the poem only open out even on a bet
condom or Moscow then where also?
a poem dictated on a hospital phone

These crooked crossword poems
gross tech poems   poems removed in secrecy
poems that would protest their own existence
book of poems called The Ball Guide how many copies?
they reproduce like ice   even the funny ice
a jump of the gun   instruments of courtship
poems of the fire down below   hot ruins (poems)
poems on jackets   poems as cloud cover
poems as what you shouldn't have called them
poem set up like a doubleyou
poem Sybil Bedford rejected at least responded
in some way the poems of Baphomet a patsy
a poem that will draw you   poem that
will not stop to let you

A tissue of Charlotte rappelling
a flat that backs no one speaking
that was only a pose to make a fuss
only danger in going up or down stairs
the poems of how far you're willing to go
like a page of this waltz that analyzes the dance
a poem of how close will you crowd
poem like a pump   like a pick   like pursuit
a like chicanery   a diction like chicory
poem of a shack   poem of your money back?
poem that survives its own exposure
a peg in a lava flow   china in a cake
poem as leader   poem as kicker
a squad of poems called illegitimate
the ones called on account of what?

The bush tits invaded the poem like javelin ants
a fire absorbed by the poem's own fires
a service of poems for which we stood at attention
you could look up your name in these poems
the poem a loss to only you?
I asked for a favor not a poem
all these little streets adding up to no poems
a poem the cats scratch and hiss
the making of a sandwich with a hammer
and a lazy pale afternoon of no previous poems
let's go upstairs where poems or not
prepared under hot stuffy summer rafters
poems for those who passed today   Richard Dysart
Ralph Sharon   Judith Malina

You only crystallize after taking a leak
the poem of some instruction
a pity the world changes?
the poem of a frail control
beyond that door the birds are all dead
  or anyhow never come back
the poem of a constellated treachery
you walk the halls of an occluded territory
the poems on your side
father simulated a military academy
the poem of some hard feelings
the ones who don't squeak or go off once a week
the poem called a find   the poem called a foul
imagine the distance between North Beach and South Beach
the poem that takes some going

At last it went ding ding ding and we all went home
something gone   faux head by Fart Armer
everybody kills everybody else in the universe
Abel Ferrara apologizes at length for fussing
the budget was too high or so low it was a joke
hard to imagine the passage of whole rooms full
tough to walk away from such a hard position
the control panel of the poem lit up to the point
all the space filled and continents collapsed
beyond any hope of reillustration goodbye
imagine sleeping in that poem   on for size
poem One Red   poem Two White
poem as salt shaker   poem as head block
poems for those of limited means

Are you with Project So & So?   I wonder
would you mind going ahead with that potato?
double or something   think of the poem as
your job back   from which you were thrown
map to those poems sold on street corners
a phone book for laughs only turnips pending
afternoon Mrs Violence   tomato paste
sponge plaster   the heights of Sold American
the belief the poems know things beforehand
guess I wasn't looking at what I was writing?
the clock on the beach said Poems at 2
I sat in the shade and scribbled verse
like getting Cozumel on your hairdryer
sometimes dangerous to stop so be rude

Some have ground-up pencils to make a poem
others have sniffed whatever through a steel tube
I don't see them in the room   a new one called
The Rights of Fear   poem as colossal toll road
leads to?   wherever the car won't go
tried to hum but wrote a poem instead an
overture anyway   a slice off the dread sauce
started as a pumpkin experiment then
the pumpkins disappeared   space was affected
ripping up a holy picture of his girlfriend
ultraviolet pelt left on the upper bunk
poem that was finally something to pull off
the poems of a life turned back to
keep repeating till you quit as is done

What do you take me for?   a poet?
only trying to do a little good here
among the sponges in shorts and turtle prints
then the days went south   we dressed in ocean
there were all these immense parallels
could only stand to what?   dream?
the poem eludes   poems that elude
nothing but slides of sandy shoulders
a drainage tonnage   bars on the ingress
the poem doesn't have to tell you anything
I was only doing these little lines
an expression on your face as you read the poems
the damage to the intake valve or nautilus chamber
how often? and how many more stanzas?

Those limestone ball courts   on the poem
on with that poem you coincidental churls!
going nuts here under the Mayan blemish
the poem just another place you don't belong
press those stones   prise the bars
life or death to the poem?   hurry
wait   depends   exaggerates
these tombs are pulsing with cast-off loves
some poem!   some doll   let's go in
but they look at you these walls   these
pulsifiers   gentlemen and groundskeepers
laughing at the poems or through the poems
if a tidal guy like me could write a poem . . .
the dread poems of the Hostile Hospital

Those who don't write but have fingers in the poems
there are clusters well below all these civilizations
congeries of the strew   the asserted gone
dead poems all over   no use in stirring
these dull parks all that's left over
suppose orthodontists have made charts
poems that could have covered a jungle
those tops   a spinning beyond your childhood
I'd say drain all the math from your poems
presuming there was any?   monkey flee
the dots on the bottom to show nicely nicely
read that you'll go home covered in glass
the songs of the whales a possible prosody?
figured I'd just hang around the home
          there's no aquarium

Things will change
the poems . . .

Underrated acts
tarriers

His best lines
came from a bass drum

Fathers
features

Breeders
cupped extremities

Must've cut myself
going out

Now on nothing
but exit lines

Suppose you'll never see the poem again
a castrato from the eastern hills   exaggerates
huh?   place that palm tree just there
there will be odes like pomegranates
but upstairs there will be nothing
a hysteria   you can see the opium fires
can I keep?   the apogees are many
hup two three . . .   is that our truck?
starts like a coffee grinder in two flats
that flabbiness associated with Hemingway
more can you do?   yell like Willie
Sinatra in tall cotton   Old Man Mose
in a trice   call an ambulance
poems like cigarette lighters rolling in the gutters

The poem of no roof but stands
it barely repeats the name Elliott Carter
now lets me see   the words I'll be right back
The Poem Looks At The Diamond   geographic
in its serial intent   this man is a profound sinker
a dishabille five four three two completion
a perfect little couplet in his head   The Dominant Man
groan   a decoration of principles   steaming pipes
and down goes   maybe a few minutes time?
gotcha!   My Funny Philistine   away with the keys
those tongs   such a quipper!   a form of granitite?
let me just shut this door   isn't that something?
and didn't we ever   one lump per soup
you have a choice of landfills (poems)

The poem rights itself eventually just stick
round out the choruses from a standing pat
your stories are in synch all that reaching
circulates atomizes reformulates
vehicle leaving for pure time of sorts
one a flying cone another a louche dish
or is there too much granite in space?
the shoe drops and the spheres revolve
don't miss the chemical launching of a faster cobra
based on the rods in your backyard
we reach a finer subsidence entire
the way those ground codes proliferate
Gelusil Motrim Excalibur coelenterates
fleeing their absence the poem comes to true

The squirty life of Jesus
must be a poet responsible?
nothing new in but more babies ladies
the poet wore out his alligator shirts
there must have been some police lodging
gave a gasp and the poet was gone
even with a set of complete ears
novel knowledges wasting
went foo   all sprinkly on Jesus
had watched that poet on TV
the one with the long breath and short hands
sorry about the quarter-strength sun
today there's little but bad news on the screen
yet another revival of the babbleflow

I handed in the coat and they dubbed me a poet
spare words on maximum axis
horny toad in the dell   twigs in space
the world had definitely whirled
something left on the light   poet dreaming
dragged a rake then settled in
for those grains words have been composed of
Marshal Mary Makepiece a possible subject
poets always first to the fray
only time for a few breath stops
classy real big thing about flowers in full sun
I noticed something sinking so bent and wrote
ready for a few odes on the wind?
the poem could seem an indulgence

Healthy as a poet?   Where did you get
overstressed and yet   he's the pilot
give him a bell   on the passage from
Palma to Barcelona   on top of these things
a car to which a poem was dedicated
drummer beaten to a pulp?   nuts!
Morgan's Motion a forgotten title   maybe not
quite?   suddenly everybody notices   whips
around an office the poet never had
how long can it take to pack up your underburden?
play up your watching the light go
Remnants of Jackson the latest title?
slat vegetables and day bodies   begone!
come back   little enough   wait a bit
the poet is you and falls of a sudden

Poetry fracas   poetry encompass
poetry geographic pickings all sound
poetry war office   poetry pineapple
poetry shuck   poetry plant   poetry slight
poetry stiff   the poetry of whole grains
nourishing and crunchy   poetry? what gives?
even poems from a gap in the wall
poetry that's too small   poetry embroiled
at a crossroads   the flexible poetry fork
poetry whip   poetry to stand still for
poems store-bought and pencil-thin
poetry based on a false cat
a potshot   palimpsest in a parachute
wolfman galoot in cahoots with poetry

Lavoris?   a poem to equal The Waste Land
Ocupado   a poem for all encounters
Sour Grapes   a scrap of raw Williams
Scrabble   the list poet's nemesis
Water Witness   surely not a New York poem?
Ravenous   a poem that's all talk
Orange Sky   an offshoot of García Lorca
Full Frontal   poem that reminds you of
Come Here   a poem to outdistance death
The Deacon   false poem left on the shelf
Lurch   a traveling poem no home
Sun On The Trashland   an unleavened poem
Bastard On The Wabash   ran out of funds   fans
Miami Vice   no poem at all

Shots fired in the council payroom
would a hefty poem result?
not too many dead in poems overall
a poem that tells you not to?
poem I'm not entirely sure what it is of
a poem to go home
poem under a strain   that makes it
if a poem is what it takes
a poem a day   to say hello
a poem that stays   poem that tugs
poem that *is* a broken mold
poem of Hell's chickens   a bug's maracas
a poem that calls up Harry James
a poem that claims no names

The poem of eyedrops on the ashen warrior
the poem of sea light on chopsticks
the poem of Father Deal and his zephyr trail
a poem from the Stuff and Nonsense Board
poem for putting things on top of other things
a poem by Father Loewinsohn
poem of paint your hair and douse that match
poem of writhe and gasp and soak
poem by one of our officers
poem hooded   poem logged   poem transcendent
poem of the dangling projectiles
poem pled out   leveled   beat
poem showing a skiff leaving the harbor
poem a slight blow

Like about to say a poem but too eager
there are wings above all the stories
climb there's a chance of the rocky horrors
poem a confession through the suicide grill
no   that sun came out in a different poem
the poem sinister also adroit
a dull poem about all the banks of Suez
in another poem the stopping of the battle?
a poem such a long way to the waves
Poem of Haarlem   Poem of the Aerodrome
poem really not so badly spoken
the poem of lost clauses   the dwindle
the talking?   the poem of the poem talking
poem of a spellbound doctrine

The poem all done and dusted
poem the hurled back revelation
poem from a vacuum notepad
the poem always and then the poem of all ways
the poem that laughs back
the striven poem of accelerated depths
the poem beyond mention that collapsed on reception
one charged with hanging around the poem
out from whale cloth cut from the angel squad
the bright poem on Aladdin's tomb
a poem to loosen your hold on the world
a poem you're forced to confront
a poem you want to move but can't
a poem even so

A poem of nothing let's go home
poem of the loss of things to some
hope you find the poem you're looking for
the poem that can only be lent
took a ride in a car and the poem?
all the things I could have shed and the poem?
a poem to bring when you need
the poem up your sleeve
the poem I could read you to stop you
poem the only thing that night
poem you're such a sight
poem on a tear sheet on a wheat stalk
foolscap poem   teahead poem   flexible flyer
sorehead scratching on tombstone

The poem from Nowheresville addressed to
Whereaboutstown a poem solid as a pinhole
poem of the wrong word in the right place
the poem too good   too late   too
something at least it's something   brick
the sieve of the poem   churn of the poem
ounce of the poem   the ounce of
the ounce and a half further   one's tooter
one's speaker   one cleaved stone
the poem grown huge   poem dense
another poem I expected?   tent show
folderol lamma damma dingdong telescopy
whir of a poem   clearstory of a
poem you set out ahead of

Benny Hoover had a collection of pirate shit
    he turned into a poem
Hassel Smith took a part in Dick Tracy for a poem
I just try to stay alive   the size of a poem?
they want poems that are collapsible
one poet works with a dummy
heard the poem with steamrollers?
Yonkers has banned workable poems   actual
    dilemmas that pose problems at the steelworks
a collection of poems the size of a pin
my nerves are producing pineapple poems
    armrest poems   poems for the Scottish Play
Margarita Potty the nation's latest poetess?
you've got to find a poem that The Shadow knows
now here comes Marc Blitzstein's poem?
    just as soon

Benny Goodman once held up a tent flap for a poet
do you know Ferlinghetti's poem Stockpile?
the socialist party had no room for poems
vaudeville sometimes *was* a poem
Orson Welles taught a puppet to speak poetry
holding onto safe red clouds is not a poem
or it comes out the next day that it is
but who has been sure of the poem? Picasso?
who maintained tiny habitats all over
someone heard fighting inside the poem?
all they want to do is talk *about* the poem
Friedrich Lanker an unknown poet there
Jack & Jill?   next time maybe
a poem crawling with television babies?

Sleep over the market write the poem of that market
the wind kneels in betrayal when you write on a dime
a poet doesn't consider such sills a fit subject
madness maybe or baby carriage road crossings
this way?   those guys were driving a geiger counter
better send a mint truck   inhalable block
the slant poems of Frank Rehak   fixture head
Mad Max's wife blows alto sax the poem
for Flattershoe make sure to ride your gains
so often so quick a magazine of candy
are your garments in arrears?   coffees?
friends?   work and other assorted sauces
is the poem an episode you can't explain?
don't let poems destroy your life

Nuddity   loomsward   fenk
a rhyme dug with abandon
sociology’s out and you’re smiling plus
I’m the gas mask   get out!
this is where you might find magazines
could probably put up with this comedy
not as if you’re quite ready for a floor
must I have seen all these poems before?
buttocks?   that can’t be good   so the poem
is missing a fender?   the details
should be more precise   must be
northern lights though we’re not that far gone
bone acts but we’re not that retarded
the coals are cold   too many flashlights
for one poem

Providence?   don't think we should all go up there
hello anybody?   the true act is a snake
you might just shout?   could always MOO
not to stray from the juice of the poem
they always arrive at an abandoned lodge and proceed
to get fucked   Religion Two to avoid probate
score one for Marchbanks a tomfoolery
Santiago?   a stuffed car with retro wax
if we do it will they learn about us?
poet fine but his poems?   look there's a
monster coming!   the author is Corban Dooda?
had enough?   hungry for duende?
the spare ribs of the poem   the wrong ticking?
that was quite an apostrophe last night some doing

Worried the substance is up   looks like
that snake never slept   read
this is not a mine but a cave   hello?
they really got into something around Stanza Six
let's get out and clean the gardens
poem with the feeling of mushrooms
poem with take a match to it
very funny   don't open that   let be
first off went out and bought a hole
you never really see anything in there
but where was this poem shot?   scared?
the first poem collection contained kaolin
NYC's No Lark a poem for the right hand
a frozen wallet full of songs

Grab ass is the axle of what men will do to
silence   the cycles in their heads   you saw
nothing!   a poem is never quite clear
of who is Gorse?   who the Beemler?
something in there that won't come out
what's down those stairs beside the stalactites?
a source of noble fudge?   the codex
to all subsequent stanzas?   Klaatu
did your wishes come true?   distantly
that poem says run!   whoa!   I saw
the poem lying dead   you see?
the poems were really there?   empty the poems
now!   not to explain but know
what's going on?   a horror in 14 acts

Saw a Kline in the shadows   just inside
the windows   these poems came with
an interior   a bunch of mixed-up sticks
you can't make out   yet   at all
no idea why they locked him in the poem
the poet   whatever does this have to do with
Roosevelt?   a combo phonograph and gas mask
they used to have   heard the cave groaning in
its joints   the poem down hand by hand
took all the oxygen and its pathogens
that dim poem with the boredom engines
Tonto say me no care   poem that
alerted us   cued us to the animal find
then led us to Catheter Caverns

Poems?   we have no samples
The Poetry Era ended with a mass loss
no one escaped who knew   not even
the small faces   the shortest entries
what were once called Breakfast Endings
that mine was closed long ago   Petrillo
decreed and just maybe I know why
one-of-a-kind meteorosis   your dreams?
updates   why more poems?   brought up
in the Breeding Lounge   repetition?
it's easy   take these drugs   there's a
silence   then more poems   want to
think again?   endlessness
the poem put away wet

Hold out your hand   this is an ecstasy
to my apartment   no protagonist
so easily inserted into the poem   consider it
a double bubble of amazement   the author?
James Arm   fortune?   linkage
all I can find is porn in this poem whose fault?
the tunnels under Quabbin?   Guadalcanal
in a reaper dream   if you have to ask ask
the poem   a fatal poem?   basement
basket case ode   those trouble stanzas
poem of the green deep medicine bottles
are those the origin stanzas?
there were bags of poems   humid
tangled embedded in the base of
                        a Washington monument

It's due   that poem
when all the rest are hollowed out
a poem is not to be believed
connects Picasso to Django The Castle
Of My Dreams? the Night of the Following
balloons full of clouds of
what then so I walked out
the forest was examining its leavings
practiced my walky-talkies then went
home and typed them up   that's Ted
still   the title eludes   the poem extends
you should get out of there   more hair?
the sight of Kurt Elling   top rock
to a pair but it's very much due
this poem   kindly put it back when done

A short palace?   put it in your hat
that vehicle is loose again and subsequent poem
tale of a violent chef   the groans
grotesque   stubborn little poem
needs to speak to somebody   a luncheon
full of dead ends and spiral chem trails
reduction of pressure would you miss it?
blanket chew as a tad   operable dent
heard the territory was concomitant
still a starlit load every single stanza
ever made   there's a line
waiting on the poem   a squat grant?
couldn't even hobble it up   scrunch
it's not the poem's task to search

A guest of honest?   total bone
Ginger Man a homing beacon what else?
the poem yelled Tear! out from a house of homes
take an ask of   what got going for
the poems?   it takes the old route
one leg over the sunset   toggles nervous
could have fun with foodstuffs   straddle blankets
I know   the poem does with its strange holdings
read at UCLA then home to Pasadena
poem's over when the record dims
a spotted silence   you need a peer eraser?
poems'll write you out of a job   the opposite
stinks   you hope for a finder's fee?
not that you'd want to be married to

A poem called Project So & So
right off to the head of the table
a trespass on the poem?   a plywood
model of the poem?   a knock-off
the staring nature of those behind
that couldn't rhyme a flying fuck
a frontier musical starring Doris Duke
don't do it   till the figures fall
your folks all think poems brackets
minute structures   lay off the mystic flutes
carven draws   canyons back of Malibu
a corn form   my whole nose in the poem
there is no further spine   Kenny Harris
of no poems   me? on the heels of a line break

Where are people?   erroneous
the poems hold out till
the poem's involved   tear up
the poems that turn out   shape up
want a complete set   for the showers
those storms that heat up   play okay
New York the Big Asshole   lower
central   could spend your life?
poems on pink blue or yellow sheets
a scientific bassoon?   a rim of
serrated blow   poem of flakes
poem of pep   easy straddling poem
poem that fits   poem that never fails
makes you feel you'll be coming back later

Poem left just a stub
this is not a picture
just when it let go
animal tracks the beach
past all the little pasts
collected works empty words
never home never done
blank wall of asperity
hankering substituting
your syllables in a bunch
breath stops as life sails
poem of no waiting
poem of no soft stops
one that shouts interminable

Choice at all   the poem is clogged
firm ones are not transported   duck!
there's trouble to maintain   the poem
Alitteral halt to matters   the critters
they've no sign of the poem   seat of wonders
sail away on that jelly launch   poem?
dumplings have overgrown the country
flexing of bounds   a wasting of timerunt
someone hopeless!   outgrown pretty soon
nape to withers   astronauts trapped
sunk in the Hollywood Hills   a visual badinage
even a Wallach   even a vibration
ever so gently down the hallway
Quentin Durward's quest for a danger pill or what?

The poem about garbage detail
the poem that says figs are free
the poem of the crossbeam in lamplight
the poem about stuff
the poem called Affliction
the poem of barest mention
poem that's a fight list
poem that snaps
the poem at four o'clock in the morning
a poem that describes the asylum
the poem that resists penetration
the poem that gives an even hum
a poem the equal of none
the poem about to become

You wish to speak to the poem?
wring out all its questions?
the poem about Camp Climax For Girls
poem that spends the night
poem measured in pounds
a poem overflowing from the street
poem of the single shot
a poem without a trace?
poem on the novel side
poem fit to be tied (joke)
the thought perhaps a poem would do
a poem on government scraps
a poem written in rice milk
a poem all substitutes

This poem's about the poems now around
a poem of short streams and long spins
poem that expands like a flower or a dash
a poem that conjugates the verb "argh"
poem that could take anyone's place or time
a poem to make anything rhyme
poem for its own sake
poem drawn from its original lake
poem the subject of a late afternoon
a poem has been known to moo even in Russian
poem of no special function or them all
a poem about the call some receive
poem that says it's proud
                                        that it's loud
poem of an atmosphere right here and now

Poem in a field
poem high chair
poem agate with roots
poem control
poem load unburden
poem to a pupil
poem rat hole
poem broad nation
poem formation in motion
poem all one function
poem station
poem distance
poem nuisance
poem toga or temper or toaster
    a torch bearer?

Think this blooming basin would help the poem?
marquee above the poem proclaims EXISTENTIALISM
a hot ticket at the time of the fading poem
experiment that stays clear of the poem
still affecting its buttons and bows or else
think the poem? you'll lose the poem that time
the poem following us I've been trying to lose
the poem that asks for a map
of the territory that admits of no poems
will that poem survive its own dangers?
this litigious era has shaken its poems
think the poem is going away?
that poem made a frying pan entry
outcry of the thoughtless poem a rarity?

This neighborhood of poem start-ups
the poem overt   socialism or attitudianism or
a plain trail leading back to many other poems
poem epic the semaphore version
the main exchange now receiving only poems
a paper at a loss to be read as anything but poems
can you identify this poem as precious or precarious?
can't you wait for the poem   interminable
our poem ends in a bubble attached to another bubble
poem prongs   poem dingdongs   poem svelte
I took a leaf from the poem   it died
poem opens to a chasm or the other side of the river
poem mistaken for the codex to Linear X
a poem or variant sex   often mistaken for
the poem called A

The last poem was also the last one to last
the Lake Poets inherited a drainage problem
gases filled the poems of Reducer Small
some poems run on number systems
big box poems take a hard sell
a smoke issued from the Ghost Poems
you may be sure of the French poems
that poem was actually a blues with a bridge
homemade poems are often retrograde poems
some would reduce poets to a smuh
the Dogpatch Press published The Shmoo Odes
the cops broke the back of that poem ring
poems that summon up glass boxes full of dirt
poems that shouldn't hurt but do   life

I will make a hole in my poem with my slim totality
the water holds to this day in many poems
Daedalus sold loops snipped from his poems
an almighty rush greets some poets
one poet initiated a “stem break”
the oral pageant stirred up by another
the Cold Family hoarded coal sack poems
even Hitler’s poems that were banned
poem left on a motorcycle elephant stovepipe
a poem put aside as garnish just too much
poem not bad but just larval
the strapped poem had the loan of a steambath
one poet lent his span to many works
the grit poet could have used a softener

The interior of Germany? (poet) we honor a few popsicles
medlars (poets?)   this is about Toyotas?
red stripes on (poet) steel walls   homosexual
smooth end to human control (poets?) a turn
(poet) to the arrested   Sevenburgers (poet's) they light
that will be all (poets) a whir of iron candles
sharpen the dogs and hide the cats (poets) arrest is
anything left (poem?)   a polishing of troubles (poems?)
the tyranny continues you'll like the music   not
a dedicated socialist (socialite?) (poet) medium
hoist (poet)   hangs up the phone (poet) on the way
to the sleeve (pale poem) the water is synchronized
(mass poems) stops (poet) walking in patience (poet)
snitch (poet) turbine (poet) a general fume
(poet) (poet) (poet) and these were the days (poems)

He spent the dough flying Affectors
the chain of poets had come unsnapped
still they are worth their medium   stalling orders
steady errors   did you say arrows?   a poet
refuses to stabilize a line   a mixture?
step sideways poet of your lost youth and a C-cup
hilarious the way the sums of these generalities
sink or swim for it   poet baby all the time
inspect your own radium dial scooter poet
this sort of bracken weakens the syntax
the poet?   he throws his arm around like
an instrumental director
as the Stooges jam the doorjamb
poet in a certain way   a stray title
  the eyes were out and poems . . .

Poet goes in there and shuts the door
poet has a thing about interiors
without batteries he shot the fuck up
goodbye to the old Antenna Corps
you poet   that only *sounds* familiar
where are you going?   to sell my vagina
that poem's no good to me now
noise in the margins   take it for a spread
one poem had been a poet's home
free range spider base   details to follow
author of Notes From The Next War
has to turn canny with whatever he can
seals of pentagram or parachute blot
just by the seats of our strophes

These poems are confidence ones
leak across all the old rules
it's odd but there are no odes
the beaches stretch as far as our pricks
those were highlighted but deceptive verses
conscionable only on the nod and then just barely
the map shows many routes to the same one
you game?   used to anonymous strokings
the lighting of a storm on a dingle
that strophe ends at the Golden Spike
else?   nothing in the poems but more Jersey
just a little of its oceanside   small potatoes
one poem was damaged in the seeking
another misfired

When the poet sees a dog house he stands in its shadow
he talks to the dog the dog will not malign him
for his shirt or his stuff piles out back
something's got to happen?   a tiny metal something
the sky is complex so he'll notice but if he doesn't?
sits down in the house the shadows have come in with him
you make attempts and things heap up on you
no way out   but the poem?   is a poem to whom?
the poem is not a dream   the suspended furniture is
not a one   there is no more serious work
apologies to any wheels in the vicinity
libraries full of food   does anybody write to
fill shelves?   count   anybody eat to fill?
in any case (poet) if you come in here you'll
                                        have to listen too

I crack things wise   poet knocker
see a doctor poet   he'll give you
the name of the specimen   don't wait on
the inside of the procedure   antediluvian poet
makes little pictures   Force Ale For Sale etc
hello little bed   asleep in my notebooks
wrote Disorganized Behavior and The Magnet
there's a lot of people (non-poets) you could startle
yeah   a poem on when his dreams became assaults
the highway became a runway   lights became sirens
every one a warning   a poem in the sky that
strikes the earth?
anyone chapped from Windex?   from Karlsrühe?
we used to have what they called Quantum Shakes
even the poets moved to their lee

Don’t send an ambulance   the poem will not be moved
used to call him a nuthead the scarce poet
dreams about lag-back monsters   a dark
sheaf of rain   lake in the morning gone by night
they put you in a hole and the poem comes out?
once done the poem’s on the kitchen table
you’re telling me to manage the poem?   and speaking of
silt . . .   poem as a gas mask   poem as a fixer-upper
most famous?   his Which Side Is Daddy On? poems
then the Too Upset To Write poems   such
items amount to a hell of a hiss
another one called I Saw One In The Background
It Just Hit Daddy etc   finally nothing
but these titles   the poems to follow didn’t

Poems in the normal mode   poems with no billyclubs
how many species of tan can you get? (a poem)
poems composed of nothing but fries (domes)
the cobweb lights are edible (crazy fucking poet)
let's go home and commit verse (poet in recovery)
open the car's hood and find completed poems
or poetic wreckage one   the birds are all gone
the pugs   the rabble   the everything beyond
held together by a stop-time step (lollygagger)
towers of used paper never to be inscribed
laid down one cello and picked up another
location undisclosed and do what?   sleep?
the serpents of occupation will give us a dressing
down   even the air is over   grounds for an endless vacation
(no poems)

The poem is over but you can't go   it's
not over?   there's a land-grant for
endless verses   beyond even the poem?
could see that the poem has sealed itself
over   there must be worse in hospital
running rooms   collections of historic asides
thought I could leave it but said is said
it's not?   a reflection of candies
and open wounds   calcium futures and pasts
the moon itself a cannabis hovering
brutal buzz of a poem   laughter on
the tongue   that sheriff has turned fire escape red
your shorts grew down over your shoes
open the door to the shelter and see (a poem?)

There's a score to any of this?
encouragement reserving a seat (poem)
needs awesome time to prepare (a poem)
your shot   the way to see (the poem)
not just playing with paper in the sand (poems)
oh look   in the window   a wet one (poem)
you won't understand a thing   like
the concept of bastard interiors (poems)
unexplained hoops on roofs   tidal snarls
the results are coming down   or are you
just being a schmoe?   move
the bases of your cognizance (bath time)
the poem is sneaky and takes its time
but there's always a further   (poesy)

And grew up balled up
the boilers of the poem   a tautness
the irreligious waste of particles in lump
there may be a hole in our oxygen tomorrow
or such further sense to be made you won't believe it
persons in these suits break in and remove your poems
a milestone in the history of fending
builds copies of itself   even bare skies
the poem as primitive organic life-form till
having once been envied by another world
now gone   same time having some use for
those southern beachtowns each one with
an escape route not yet connected to the internet
a private poem   you think?

A donut   a tow rope   the enunciation you require
all connected by a floating give it a chance
cinema of logic and quick changes   page
after stage   poem a frame   poem as
long term distraction Wyatt   this is
your broom Daniel Boone   tugs
but the shirt just won't come   here
in Key Largo we spent the summers on this large
but temporary poem called Sad City
takes a night to sing the blues?   floors me
such a poem forming a cloud stayed over a bit
of a power   some red brick ice cream?
take a mining engineer   tell you about it
why's a poem going on here?

The poet was planning on doing
something to himself   you don’t know
what love is by halves   face
one   the poet lives in an old-fashioned
gas-driven movie projector on a high
apartment site are you okay?   wakes
to the midtown traffic writes
a poem on rising in all senses
no sunsets in his poems but there’s
always the Ode To Meredith Wilson
written on the lid of a garbage can

Bought a rag top and set off for Pot Point
knew all the poets would be waiting for me there
Eugene Robot   Tansy Spell   Firefly Wanda
great sports as well   the secret?   therapy rods
my first dream?   tiny poets all around me
they seemed to sense but with no pretense
had the weight of water somehow the height too
later when I was just small   super!
can't believe the tension those little beings set up
a fish sign all loopy up in neon and fur coats
odd lots of oatmeal candies   a frog rock painted
put 'em on lady   elsewise we'll get ammonia
poems like polished rocks only they weren't
they just came that way down to the original faces

The poet cranks his roentgens
there are stakes   mouse band shelters
a moonlight barricade   velvets in the distance
you've got to surrender the poem he thinks
the paraclete descends on balsa models
tetra sutras keep your eyes peeled
the poems don't follow the news   an old
poem hand will always ride along
stopping people the intention   slant indication
what's the poetic equivalent of a head?
a car leaving the high rocks in the dust
I'll slap that poem into shape if I have to
there's something clastic about those lines
there's no stopping

The cartel interrupts the gang poem
there's a scariness to most end rhymes
wait a bit   who's holding the camera?
receptors blunted by too many kicks on track
the sleep poem always interrupted
there's too much traffic for a trace
evidence of poem?   sign of a proem?
poems of the Shadow People   the Echo People?
prismatic language from the hypnogogic zone
thoughts of the poem how stop?
claims of poems on other worlds
even on planets with no emotions oxygen
poem positing a love-free cigarette?
prosodic jump-rope?   it's an unmetric universe?

Are you telling the truth or the lizard to duck?
the salamander in a sun-torn uniform
the poem puffed up to a pop state
the poem going away soon?   probably
   before you've finished reading it
   or I've finished writing it
the boy stood on the rubber deck   you know
   that one?   it sinks
the world turned on its debris
   thumbing across sunny Popsicle
caught the Prosodiser in his two-ton costume
   with a vizor of cheapskate faux Gort death rays
the poet aside was leaning on the hood
   of a poem that would change a generation
came in long strips with a brand-new sponge
and a book that carries pictures of the poem
the poet grows forgetful and loses dimension
   turpitude   salubrity   drifts
gained position on the poem lost in a dream room
say Uncontrolled Cell Division a poem

What poet lives for pure pictures?
basic quoits   a Bowie knife   don't suppose
heh heh heh the unborn?   voice that cylinder
ablution all hands!   Power Center move it!
I'm Fukoda head of the Beggars Army
whoever you are why?   soldiers inch up lava
in silver masks   do they seek the dread
loose mouthpiece plant?   toy brothers find it odd
doorbells in the forest   do we need
to talk to each other?   an attempted member
invulnerable at any   key fuel hurts
crystals deserve muscular terminations
don't touch me you lunar fool!   did you
ever come back to see something secretly interminable?

End of poem abrupt frightens where
death questions life   allude if you must
Sartre's balloon crashed my fifth birthday party
did you bring nothing?   a blue locomotive was my present
soon smoke signals from the other side (a poem)
it was dark after that   you could buy soda pop
if you wanted real fireworks   you know how
small towns are   the evening doing some hay search
Lovecraft entered holding a petri dish
ice cream samples he liked   pen nibs   dry land

Seldon Poet
got attacked all by himself
greatest work?   The Short Lighthouse
maybe sign a check and talk to someone?
not just a ball but also a phone
there's been a recent burial sweetheart
special hair?   taken down a peg
his band is Vienna Changes how you doing?
trouble is timing like television timing
give me a poet named Maxwell Yo
that's the feldspar the lava ruined no?
cabbie? follow that sofa and never
underestimate the value of a Frankie Machine
the fuck is wrong?   such a cupcake

The poet at his dulcimer
the cave entrance beckons
movie of the old west in poor shape now
shambles in high rez quickly forgotten
lives on a nerve farm alone too
Autobahn Blues on a Webcor Holiday
the poet at his oblivion a portable
blind row of adders to the poem

Whatever makes it up makes up for it as a poem
the tunnel Lincoln was afraid to enter etc   also
please avoid pounding on the poem itself
there are dense poems and there are light poems
lung poems   lapse poems and even Webster's poems
the tale of the crèche at the bottom of the lake
not a poem but an opening so to be wished
one poem that had been over for centuries
spelled wrong   misspoken   in arrest
nevertheless a poem to be worked on there
a land poem   a strain poem   a trained poem?
we established a relationship   that one and us
the way laid out in sweeping volumes in turn
in exchange   in alarm   in nothing but reverse form

Nature Boy but charred remnants
shee-it we ain't found a thing
must have buried husband in water pocket
that section must yet to be
you won't find garnets after dark
those land forms are long used
no verse?   bring a python
the posted lake   a hiring of pilgrims
dropped back down in the bottle and flung
a Heurtebise of bees gone solid
a game of people flares and fades
how many volumes of Corso have been lost?
the fire turned to crystal on a dare
alternative Guantanamos beyond the one we know?
he reads the poem but first dons a crash suit

Whatever a night   the poem
between ATM and 8 PM   the service poem
the preference for backs   a western poem
take these drugs   a material poem
my heart your heart   strum a poem
the time please?   a lace curtain poem
make sure legs on tight   a structural poem
Coast Guard cutting out   a clapboard poem
equivalents   not a single poem
furtive inches   close-read poems
mind your diseases   experimental poems
he who laughs last   strung-out poems
hidden poems?   a spell-checker's poems
lost the poems testing the poems

The poet had been an oiler on movie sets
the poet had inhaled electric train dust as a child
the poet never believed the Duke
the poet's copies had done no good
the poet hadn't had to memorize Laura
the poet seen through a half-open door
a poet should be careful there
poet that puts on gabardine and sneezes
this poet the most misquoted in America
that poet owns a lake full of lead
   a silver bone on a soapy ledge
the poet of high waist pants and candid eyes
the poet withdraws many poems in old script
the poet was once taken for Vincent Price
it's the chin

Look or I'll be forced
they played nothing but Sibelius suspicious
applied fudge to a rugged auto surface
knew those must be around somewhere
the poet's puzzle keeps him calm
just we two   the poet and his radio
works well even below zero Celsius
this poet uses a quill dipped in amber
writes an ode to the Craviotto snare
leaves one's attention bare
there's something about the poet (stencils?)
a bear braced the poet in his office
the poet in a word yes
that poet stood up quite well and long
kept judgement in case
                                        not to be cross

Dropped his poem off after work
the Ed Sanders classic Jackbatty Fructate
what did it feel like?   sort of like?
so many receivers you could have asked
they play nothing but Laura on their devices
run amok 10:30 tomorrow Warrant Corp
probably make people want to bathe more often
poems that leave you starved and worn
also You Go To My Head   the day of the drinks
outside of such a poem there is little but
passing rubber checks and the suchlike
how about the forked poem?   the lump ode?
there is no longer a proper tense
next there will be "other"   say what Ed?

Had everything I needed in the poem
knew somebody held a key to the poem
why didn’t you tell me?   it ran to some sheets
things nobody expected anybody to look into
could have avoided a lot of unnecessary tenting
really?   could a person know that?   say yeah?
not the kind that’s sewn into brochures
I Loves You Froggy etc   a Birmingham breakdown?
took a job as a carpenter for a spell
a spot to be in   bottle of Black Pony?
like having the trust of dinosaurs on tumbledowns
dreary rims and cozy valleys   a blockhead’s
first novel you could hear the doorbell going off
came to at once and recited this poem from the floor

Poor poet I suppose he's left his devices with mankind
dinner with my guitar?   way over there
he's coming   a stove falling through
the surface of a river or even the Earth's crust
forever blowing up toilets together or separately
what I lack myself   attitude?   affect?
serpentine extensions farewell   rather
loaf or help a poet?   things could be
a goodeal worse   the poets' bistro
closes at the end of the century
there'll be laggards and spendthrifts next
the entering of a million poems in a lifetime
ça va?   and what's the reason for it?
none in all   don't waste the salt

Just look out on all this   what?
with the Arizona jitters   the poem beneath
the skin   shall I tell you something?
a row of beans?   lumpy gelatins?
hoping to find your soul down the mine
macabre   just for the price of a few lines
sell bombs?   parabolas profound
justice for your poems?   table stakes?
you might try reading the walls the columns
clowns that can't fail to advise you do exist
a poem to selfhood?   Mister Gray Matter
speaks of writing for the visible wayward
the audible stun   a hypo of a dilemma
even the sun fell through

Poets have not a position   have never
told you to wire the brain like a train
an electrical burn from too many stars?
there may never be another poem of
a crystal density or more tender leaves
the poet suffers the intending poem
a fine one?   they thought we would see something
but the stream ran out at its muffler base
move it back?   will be other forms?
SCRATCH   the only poem to be seen?
they say readers have all the same fears
the poet of some substance reports it well
mortality seizes the poem like a cement
ing anyone would hold up for

The name is Pally Harmer fuzz poet
a tyro's business to report   regroup
a training in forgetting everything sooner
a bottle of poems should set the pattern
a bicycle rider's sense of clatter and defeat
a poem is coming up next so watch it!
a poem as a very specific forgetting
zircon sand in a dish pan Captain B
if A were a number not a letter?
a poem called Listen To Me on tap
a matter of immediate ear and saddle
storing no one were you?   nothing there
Ararat Apartments   Tunnel Access the Eiger
even as you ever think you're doing

The plain poet never to plan a poem
the halt poet stuck in deep society
the poet's sleep attacked by hypnagogic bees
a poet's works termed Case Files
I'd be ready if I were you my poet
please stop with the Hepburn Odes
my brother poet suffered from movie cramp
the poet's old stamping ground a mystery spot
Saint John Jack never a poet or hardly
dreamed of basking in the Cage Post islands
the poem also waltzes   shakes a tail
the poet orders orange loaf and pablum pudding
the poet almost never going coming
this poem in a thin glass

The Stones came barreling through a whirlpool of sunshine
was his first treatment the parallel poet
from Alternate Place and it cost him
that wasn't a very populated poem   promise?
everybody went to school with at least one poet
know it or not   usually not yet one poem showing
a contra-parent poem but not quite as if
a poem like a piss above the treeline
slippery poems like knowledge drops
LSD?   stay there   a stationary poem?
couldn't you?   a wet poem   arcade poem
the second poem from the last poem
a grand hum of all the poems in crystaldom
this poem one more sphere to the kingdom?
afraid he committed a slight poem coming home

The art of the banana   seldom poem
Sheepshead Bay   realm poem
allowed to stand   storied poem
a coincidence of incidence   arcade poem
better air   harder poem
versatile polecat   tendency poem
jack of all slots   poem of the metric elite
slithy toves   a known poem
switch patches   a library poem
stop for a bite   a landed poem
plectrum airs   a striped poem
hearing problem   a read poem
blood portico   a launch count poem
swamp mass   a swell poem

All these open windows make up the one poem
poems at candy prices?   starting a poem
like starting a cave   from the inside out
cave?   poem?   no middle way
they used to play that cave on the radio
some people thought it was a poem like
a cave in the off slope was a moon tank
better watch it   they wired that cave
forgotten poem full of lost passages
this skyless poem   a drain poem

I saw poets in rubbers
I knew poets as brothers
I saw poets entangled
I saw poets in baubles and bangles
I met poets on tuesday
I even met them on thursday
I've seen poets' perfect copies
I've heard poets' old stories
the poet as quantity surveyor
the poet as Louis B. Mayer
I might require an egg and a poem
could attend a performance of La Bohème
but I had a poem in the car
   on the way over
a poet's ode to halvah

I kissed the poem and made a wish
the receiver of the poem said son of a bitch!
the poet's pop was in bricks
the poet could sing Blue Skies
the poet's poems could not be memorized
the poet is seldom wholly honest
a poet picked up a used tortoise
a poet's lard gaze card flame or yard gone
a film called Weakling Pistols no poem

A stray barn full of cow lates
the poet took in

Organism is a spin dish
the poet one

Only then the I largely
poem

Is this what the mind
the poet's poem

The poem partly heart rate
largely feet dirt

Proximal day lust
whatall the poets ask

Everything about this poem is stupid   it can't
even launch properly   in a specimental
mood?   maybe Scarsdale soon
arrived in this country 65 years ago with
seven watches on their eyes   these days?
they see God they move
well Mr Gazette I'm Lou Brothers
Mr Self?   Mr Deep   you'll answer to
Picasso for this!   so stay awake
give me your shoe   sugar?   ran off
Siberia   poems being written under the ice
to the south glowworms on the ceilings
poets heeding their calls
a gas woman tells us the bells are out of order

The way the poet stands sometimes
a moonbeam for El Draino I once heard
Dostoevsky moved but little more was said
took a whole shower in air
somebody called the Bunco Squad
ripe geraniums were not indicated
just understood   we all stood around
blameless as a damp flag over the clay
original and shoot the moon have been there
toot!   and that's the layout   scarce
as anyone after awhile   reposant alack
green stanchions stand out at that
sea monkey mess in the breakfast nook
the poets had been sunning all day

Blow on it   the poem as certain salts
fuzzy bear tuned to the sounds
a poem called Admiration   called Sunt
a turning of the wicked when
south of the apparent   the aberrant
the wearing-out of circus rings so dry
these are the resultant winners   hovers
hoists   random daubs on celluloid
accustomed poems   shut-down radiums
how could you not love recited accounts
repeating   perking up at those that hold
remember how those fingerlicks showed abandon?
but should only one name go on?
the poem kept to oneself

What about the poem in peril?
the poem between terminal substances?
the poem at Point Nose
are these the poems you know?
is acting the poem an art?
the poem hysterical with tripod
the poem with additional snake
these poems are perfectly capable of
poem to hold a call for
poem to be stopping for more often
sole poem the beauty of that
bright poem   one can hardly wait to
turn on the poem it won't
match the poem with an appropriate space

Fox magenta a micturate spad
production poem ridiculous smash
maskers of trash automotive stew
no time for summits tips you scratch
woman tussles America disembodied hair
cocktail come party for balloons
wag your Oscar carriageway for Hemingway
poem face rag stamp lug roll
alabaster undergrowth rotten specimen
snake block tamper status
stalactite pat nothing in that store
spent boom plattered bill
chaos mumbles chaos teeters
staypuff poems escalator odes

The excoriating poems at rest
the poem tied to a post at best
no offense the poem on the fence
sorts of hangers for the poem
lots of poems   flats and sharps
shops the poem until it crests
taps the sack until it pours
a poem of the sort awaits
a poem of the touch   stretch   itch
armature for the drive poem
hues for the action poem
triangles that are languages in the poem
tried reader for the least of poems
a poem at the most

Think it's possible to give up everything for a poem?
salts away notebooks by the bucketload
poet picks up the Hotline and
a muzzle velocity poem the take-it-from-me poem
the poem that doesn't quite get to
every square foot in the area that's right
verisimilitude rules! a dawn to dawn poem
any day now the closest thought to a poem
this garlic assignment full of rollover stanzas
seen at a gland a plate glass spot
the poem where Jack Palance smiles
poem of steps to the window presses hands
a poem of terrible presentiments tramcars
interpenetrating and having a ball together
best take care at the core

This is all part of something else
what do you want   another life?
there are dunes   blonde heads
pumpkin masking   slipping stanzas
the popular brand is hands on
the poem of privateship   alonehood
this time the other is at the center
a raw echo of control   hey?
poems speak out of turn?   come on
the wrinkles devolve to   see?   they are
armed with sand   completely bird-ready
there are poems printed on highways here
the poems are getting pretty close to zero
better hire a hamster for that poem

Funny you don't sound like the poet
who hung out here before   a big sound
out of a tiny Peter Erskine   you been
listening to those werepoets?   Doghouse
Riley poems?   food with inserted poems?
got married in the lavatory the last time
that poem struck   the time it stuck?
the boy turned on the hearing net
rattlespiel conditions   the genius poet's
Overflow series   cuckoo's nest notes
burning hairnets in my dreams   got to get
a hose poem or a sand wedge
poem or else   as a poet you
have to learn how to stop

The werecat had a Capitol contract
for an album called Tins   is that
a belly gun?   no we're just late for class
again   you learn all the top things and
lose cred sametime   for being   for writing
for landing without warning hereabouts
a gorgeous gash in that poem though
I'll be   once awake you'll have your
demons back   floor to ceiling fur
back in uniform   add corn syrup
like holding hands with a fire
and there's always more   care to push on?
silk pajamas on a glass floor
the way a poem refuses to advise

Room in the world for all these poems?
drift   occupy   stand still for   advance
pack up the poems and leave   where?
began to bubble up exactly?   the poem trips
you once could   way the poems married
encouraged   established their own laminates
thought you said   poems not for hire
threat of   what were you thinking
of as a noun?   a verb?   for kicks
and also   it's natural   as the pills slide
might as well and good   the having to do
about all this and still too loud?
it rises in hallways and on the way to the zoo
an only rentable cosmos

Be okay   piece of clunk
nervy roots   forest of white snakes
might be cool?   land under poem rule
they only go home to school for meetings
the poems were left in the lake   the lurch
there were benefits   strivings
the hollow poem unstrung
the untapped poem among the lost
he put his tuba up and called on Walt Whitman
you could see it coming   a lube job?
prosodic tuning   a certain leading
texteotomy?   you heard growls
vocal leers   a wild lack of conversation
your parents had once harbored a poet

For all my efforts   but he doesn't write poems
three old fellows sat late   poem faulty
Mister Joy wrote an octet   doesn't qualify
wheat in the fields   fish in the river   no poems
sure this slanted light ever got into a poem?
poems were a drain on the town   expelled
Mister Dick wrote that a hostile poem attacked him
read this poem and you'll never get out of the building
a Representative of the One Poem may piss you off
the poem called Death Rules Like A Diving Hand
poem with a beak   poem as a drill
the poem you can call to correct
poem called Here Comes The Catch
Mister Waits calls this poem his new home everlasting

This store will provide all your poem needs
a red light goes on every time the poem
just what is this poem doing anyway?
the moon is missing suddenly said the poem
the Ant Place features its own colonial poem
the poem that's open whenever you need one
the poem just shows you that
it shows you the poem   shows one the form?
if I were you I'd answer the poem
imagine a poem that can observe and learn
all of us down at the poem thought you'd be stopping by
there is news from the Poem Machine
you ever see anyone pull up in a poem?   silly
exactly why it is not in the poem's nature to
reside in an old shoe or brown balloon

An old cocaine shoe
elastic entablature housing
way the poem meets
certain standard mores and then
you will see where the poem

Livery Stable Blues an early homespun poem
makes noises like a parlor game
sorry we can't help you our poem is broken
the poem in place of what?   after what?
thought the poem always belonged to others

Could you come in to discuss the poem?
don't know what else the poem could have been doing
gets in and floors the poem
so much sleep activity in the poems
the poem returned for insufficient body

So stick up the poem and run it through
screams of the featured poet etc
plucked?   says Help! and Now!
must we hang here while the poem is running away?
show me   doesn't show   makes no odds
a poem like paltry wine   captured djinni poem
opens the latch to tomorrow   a try and cry poem
all the ones that now will never be written
ascends the wall and out of the poem
occurs to him   a set-to nature poem of
how many have been squashed beneath the ambulant poem?
the poem is dead?   a giant egg then
a skeleton of a poem comes rushing right in?
you play the xylophone with an axe

Objects of the poem?   in this case
a chained lizard   too huge?
he makes a scraping   a fight of it all
is dragged out by a one-eyed ape
the lizard does a dinosaur turn
the Princess of the Poem is drawn into all this
interior of the poem sucks up the lizard's pain
tries the poem sorely and dashes off
in the gross tactics of the slighted poem
Spiderman pinch?   a tacky Magna Carta
I'm cold! says the poem on guard duty
the planet of Seagrams comes free
there's always an attendant poem on tap
that baroque epic of the Jersey dumps?

Say this poem has a prior or two
if it falls it'll be your ass compadre
incognito should tear it or anyway do
you'll have to be home by the last stanza
goodnight Irene and needing to involve you
frozen in a Volvo nearing the capitol
Cheez-Its on the march Dumbo
as someone once wrote (Heinlein) Blowups Happen
though I wouldn't vote for that one
beneath the surface you could be directed by a poem
however deluxe or alight with impressions
the poem always takes place just here
whatever the splash   whatever time on Earth
even still as an egg

The lid of the poem feels heavy   imagine the drop
the scrim between us imprints the poem
there may follow unknown pints
lapses in flooring   unstable toots
why should anyone speak the language of this poem?
where is it from?   how will it do?
innocent parts foremost   the rest are locked
a piling-on of the poems raised on salts
a poem of colored lights in daylight
a flat planet or poem where no one speaks?
how did it go that was never here?
got any ZaRex left?   so be it
an advance poem this time by rote
written with a pick from the Zen Pencil Box

The apes had all left for another planet
where they could chew in peace
practicing a sort of naked mercy
planet of whatever the hell you're talking about
gruff as a poem can scratch   stretch
get into that bra and haul away
an education is too mental to massage
now just where is this landscape you describe?
the poem falls back into itself again
starting from Ouroborous Plaza does a poem
dawn on you?   the poem comes to a head
of a serpent?   this is a case
study of the adopted poem maybe lately acquired
while standing around looking at stones

Epic poem on the ancient Eye of Shit
her father was a kind of fat her   so saith
the Eye to these guys till they piss more blood
they proceed though they're dead ones   Nobility
of the No Longer etc   hey it's only bogus water
wait'll you see the grapeade   poem on a farm
poem raised by dogs on the import of bees
how to trust a poem that dies on you?
a smattering of the poems humans won't live
much beyond   the persons of the poem look at you
as if   they bite each other's photographs in prayer
is our project still on time?   removes quartz
from skull and practices pseudo at cost of
your basic repetition   use of hail-size golf balls

Granted the poet put it all down
assembled in boxes packed for the train
hell are you doing?   the poem 14 inches long
his mother's 12 years old   svelte colon
ventable spritsky like a cat accident
overall brachiopod collapse once was private
now cosmic proportions   had to call it
without a tap you'll never know
just what I thought   I'm headed out
call your handlers to the nines
let's be there   a computer sack rises
cat named Brodey wrote the poems
down   how many more rooms can there be?
just woke up one morning and handed the poems

The trial of Moby Dick
the untouched inside of the poem
and where do I you we go from here there where?
for a time poems were glassed-in
the rest of us lived in the desert
holy Montserrat diverted by
delicious black & white photography
the boat's keel entered in evidence
globules of blubber spattered all over
the poem was faulty?   says how?
made me feel like a Christmas cake
there were holes in the sky just like that
no point in running from otherness
can't tell about old Moby

What if there were no white ice?   no
dark night?   no tassel hanging from the poem
not even an entrance to   and inside?
no shape   poem like a grenade
in the cupped hand   beseech and there come
the bouncing people   a stone with legs
they tell you drive on you'll make out
a collection like a whole summer of tooth decay
poem that comes closer like a picture
a flap at the back holds data
comes to a pretty?   pass the poem
I sorted out the snow from its syllables
so it all would stop?   where
does anyone come home from being   what?

My name's Landsdown and I study affairs
that'll be three and a half coloring books
takes a mind to spare   not to seem so pure
got three assistants on that poem
strong enough to close a city's weather
get on a plane and dissolve beneath
the poem has never been near a phone
beeswax applied to its backing stanzas
itself would pick up its papers' pieces
wouldn't do to part with such a brew
that's Tiger and this one's Lion   the act of
such a bulk   rubies running down their legs
the poem contains info on Brown Fields
hung around the cave waiting for snow

This is a stone you could see in a cave
the Night Diamond   hang up   now
go home and look under the stairs
there are the notorious Answer Diamonds
there are some towns where stone does not exist
you don't believe?   consult the Gem Table
what if the poem tells you Send In The Shucks?
structured like rocks   such a turnaround
made the poem do it?   must be unbalanced
poems like sheep all over the rock
hear that?   a poem is coming through
thread needle and then what?   writing
a poem he picks up a shovel   now
do you see how it works?

The poem to Paula Diego
the poem of its own snarl
the poem of removal and shares
the poem that leaves you to line it up
the poem that runs short on the Long March
the poem that walls are not enough for
the poem that takes a snap
the poem that includes quicksand
the poem for which   of what
the poem that loses its bearings
the poem that firms up squat
the poem of lethal advances
the poem of cruel quizzes
the poem that stops when you do

One poem per nap
two poems in three hours
four poems like drawn cubes
the fifth poem turns the tables
the sixth poem and we're even
we arrive at the poem called Seven
eight poems and we're quits
nine of them will raise a ruckus
ten and some poems are over but not all
eleven no kind of answer
twelve when I heard the first poem
thirteen is the lucky line
fourteens have little significance
can't recall a fifteenth

The birth and death of the poem
the girth and breadth of the poem
the earth and depth of the poem
the mirth and meth of the poem
the turf and crest of the poem
the worth and press of the poem

The eek and tetch of the poem
the teach and match of the poem
the breach and catch of the poem
the screech and latch of the poem
the touch and batch of the poem
the reach and last of the poem

The nib and vim of the poem
the rock and candy of the poem
the mist and midst of the poem
the mess and measure of the poem
the squeeze and sop of the poem
the realm and stem of the poem

We'll take that poet spread
out across lawns and streets like so many metal pieces
white lines around absence of poet
the rest of the people are not poets you can tell
they shop and drift and reassemble as John Waynes
following poets in cars?   put on
a handshoe and rise equally
any poet should be so lucky   nonquantifiable?
some people are quacks   holster pistols
known as "should eyes"   no degrees of separation
an inspector of the poem appears at an angle
an ode to an architect's sketch   stacked up
deuce-high   bright window on the poet in his novelty
what you get for majoring in bubble prehistory

The poet was a surrealist but had no truck
a copy?   would take a ninja to fold it
call in the frogs on belts from the rafters
the poet logged his sonnets on a barometer
got it for ten boxtops and a promise to salivate
paintings on marked cards of a diesel
elephant and a hopscotch ostrich
often heard to say this move is dull
how does it end?   it went away (the poem)
walnut fudge on a gilded windowsill
a novel where everybody gets the bends
as night was falling on the newt ranch what
was that on the radio?   an amplified midge?
poet clumsy as a swayback horse

That cruel hand luck   a score
settled with diamonds this night
too much trouble to have the poems fight
saw that old rusty diesel rhino at the Fun Spot
break for chocolate beans and yellowtail dough
hoping to get to sleep before the poem
elsewise shaking up a whole box of habits
wide cutout series of gingham horizon time
poem shows a new pair of barometers
ready for France?   no holes that fit
there ought to be a flaw?   stare at a flame?
pass your dukes (poems)   got no worries if
you wear a blue shirt   you say a wall of beer?
poet wipes it off   writes another hot summons

Poet thought to have the pick of Thick Street
poet stubbed toe in marl hole
poet hid his puzzle in a map
poet stopped thundering and grew moody
poet had a way with unlit rooms
poet thought space was all   another time
poet searched his whole life for Mother Grundy
poet inhabited another zone of the library
poet tried the phones no longer consonant
poet claimed he felt up Madame X
poet wrote the Ode To A Papal Sap
poet equally at home with hummers and bummers
poet leaves the people he trusts on shore
poet lunches on spinal crackers
poet has no patience with the graceless

Poem bone poet thorough
poem salts poet hurts still hunts
poem sending poet returning
poem slabby poet grabby
poem dated poet located
poem behind a grill poet through the mill
poem sent ahead poet under stress
poem coreless poet says horsepiss!
poem as collateral poet starts to rattle
poem coming through poet sure to
poem a hole poet of no school
poem to a stop poet jacking off
poem in the breach poet to one side
poem drains poet minds

These poems are hangers   the assembly of suns
Velcro was invented in such a way
a swan song for sirens and beaded mulch
the poems will grow from time to time
poems of the hulking sack   poems of nebula
a whale tooth residue then a tissue
the poems constitute   ode to brute force
a prism height?   the whole examination questionable
a scraping of chair legs across the rookery
an ausable automobile?   it would happen this way
the poem to its knees   there is no such person
poem like a false break in the weather
poem like a village full of arms
never a snow like on this poem

You know what just happened?   another poem?
clear the screen then   now?   just when?
streaming over the bar lines   a glass of poem?
the poet doesn't give a shit if it does that
poem to a standstill   overly what?
some poems bleed a bit then and now?
catching up to all the previous poems
a poem that responds to catcalls?   police bands?
goes back to the shop for reassignment
to empty the poem way before you breathe
till the poem hits   the poem releases
how long is too long?   never to be imagined
just shoot for the endlessly successive horizons
those pack poems   stock poems   poems of the Great Divide

I will leave the poems I've dropped
the ones on the hill   the ones still in my head
the prehensile poems once dealt with
no longer the poems to a fault
I walked out on too many
the malted milk ones intended for a cavern
the poems were not even dark yet
if you hear from my poem let me know
the poems couldn't cease at only the one mystery
the basic poems left behind   the dealt
poems too loose   the chain of poems
petering out to where?   to what?
will never?   Walter Page springs up
Boss Ink on subterfuge

The poet fires   does not behave
between the staves   the poet boils
dairy and wheat go down a bomb
the poet heads the Academy of Jive
a poet would learn to forget about it
nervous as a shock device in the billions
the glue of society see?   the poet hears
there are certain preventatives you must
keep from taking up   these tremendous poets
of foodstuffs   stop the poem please
the corridor poet answers the room poet
the blooming poet will not give way
Kojak is fictional the poet is not
reasonable or not the poet must go for it

That was a fast lock on that poem
enclosed ride at no extra cost
even Nixon . . .   the Master of Chance
takes these pen nibs   this extra crust
we don't imagine any further damage
or doctoring needed   a poem that occurs
only on a friday   stop it would you?
ceaseless poetry   if packaged small
that poem clicked alright but soon sank
it comes in your house with no admission
a title like A Bed With No Window
asked to cough it up by a professor of
poem ordinance   poem starlighter
additional stanzas like attached countries
about to blow

Gee Doc I think that poem was a setup
peanuts but frankly in Dutch with
parallel parameters and an open reading tour
a sumptuous meal with all your friends?
there's nothing I can see so far
poem greased with extra oxygen courtesy
a cat named Charlie a water walker some
evidence of poem but not sufficient to try
hardly but the title is Grand Ambition
that Hope Diamond poem is not working
a loud grrr at any poem at all   shoot
the poem goes down like ranch water
Jackie Coogan wrote a poem once then lost it
one called and from The Penny Exchange

A wobbly poem is not a wobbly rock
Lew are you listening?   surgery
more like   you pick up glass in the woods
and you're gone but the poems stay
carbon linkages obtrude on a hard day's afternoon
the night of the reading here was extra dark
the most lasting ones are usually out of stock
take and go   the list is lonely
a pop-up game of bracing dimensions   fools
got burned   don't mention it deep
slopes to a dry valley   bet you did
how was your poem last saturday?   friday?
the police were told to go away and went
the poem came out of the face of a hill on you?

The Breck poem and the Prell poem
the category of ex-poem
where there are lakes and no composition
paper folks on the shore no sound
if I wrote it you would know
Symmetric Airlines a possible title
no accurate records of these forms
then his face goes all Italian
syrupy poems that wilt the world
congress of shell poems and bill poems
how to find whose poem this is?
a decisive crack in literature
places a handkerchief over the poem
popular task like filter paper
and the poem lies there

The poet has some days   others?
won't have it known he's waiting on the worm
waves and won't pause for openings
attempts on the backs of postcards
poet rides with a cop on his cellar rounds
hardly a joiner this common roomer
some potted verse found on the end of a chain
the earliest poem Take A Breath It's Keen
and wouldn't hear another word

Untrustworthy poem of the open door
poem in red darkroom light
if you can't forget don't worry about the poem
poem variant like a lighter shade of wood
locked access suddenly reduced to short form
poems delivered by truck twenty-four hours
house poems and break poems and angle poems
must've heard a sob and only then the poem
poem as a form of health   of storm
crazy bastard called his poems Ugh and Stink
a polished quality to the senseless poem
Livery Stable Poem   Cornet Chop Suey Poem
poem on the life of fire   light to stir
a poem of nothing might show anything

The air in the poet
the hue of the poet
the torque of the poet
the cry of the poet
the poet's speed
the poet's reach
the poet's cover
when you see the poet
when you quiz the poet
when you learn the poet
sends the poem
corners the poem
ends the poem
the poet on paper   the poet in answer
the poet on the wind
the poet in fact   the poet as type
the poet as friend?
harboring a poet you're harboring a poem
poet cracks wise cracks wide open
you're getting that poem feeling
the sieve of the poem
the latch of the poem
the air of the poem
the still of the poem
the the of the of of the poem

A shovel leaned up against the poem
power cords of no use to this poem
poem on a car ride   poem on the outside
Charry Beckons the poet   High Numbers the book
the poems loose within   poems rough as well
poems on a sliding scale   poems on a hill
form that lasts the poet just so many poems
ones you didn't ask for   ones in case
the iron springs beneath that poem
a particular century poem a last-minute poem
removed by helicopter removed in surgery
as if a big halogen ape   as if blown
all the way down the line you'll see to the poem
running low on marrow in the interim

The poem in terms of precision
the poem didn't have an ending
the puzzle box having nothing to do
with its enclosed poem
the poem's treasures pierced or not
the poem's head blunt   by dint
of the sorest paper by hint of an extra issue
the tagless poem   zipless poem
the poem fading in gunfire   poem drying out
bare in the impression zone   nude to the pulse
the something or other so don't worry about it
in the poem avoiding the grindstone of advice
serving the ivory salad of faux peace
tainting all the poems within reach

You were not the manager of the poem?
a poem that has you call again?
the poem of hexagonal joints
wherein there is not blood knowledge
poem of the barest attention   drawn
of battle figures   of mock   of truck
stuck with the parallel poem the stretch poem
brings you nothing but magazine verse
language intros–outros   the automatic poem
the spent poem on accoutered accidents
the poem in the bubble   the poem in vitro
the losing poem the gaining poem
the poem of stores   the poem of the snows
reaching out for more viable forms

The poet lived off carfare and walked
the poet watered down is still a clown
the poet registered but did not sail
a poet's retreating sack   the poem
a collaboration with the dead
poem about the day bugs were bargains
he made the lights come up in the more
seasoned poems he operated from Lopper Row
a long poem that foregrounds clapping cymbals
the shutter of water does not own the silence
all the tools a poet needs locked in a drawer
the frontal poem nothing but a view box
imagine the racket it'd be making
the laws of finality never influenced the poem

Poem of a softening by hammer
poem of the student's last shudder
poem of a general upset
poems not what they once seemed
poem with a certainty in the title
poem from a suspect batch
poem of a client's wrath
poem that interests the cops
poem of some worth its poet not to be trusted
poem like an elastic band or like nothing
a poem of innate block of a terseness
cold water poem   vacuum bottle poem
poem just a little much but even greater later
a poem apart to start?

Poem of the all done but still luminous
poem of no earthly substance
poem stirring in all chambers   lookouts
poem once thought of now gone
poem of the shut door reopened
poem ropes   poem steeps
poem that won't let your dreams alone
poem on the town of an opening ground
the poem down deepest a monster
poem a notion of light sometimes bent
poem on the sugar and plaster circuit
a poem of sudden antique poses
poem of the prescience of noses
a poem with thought burns

On a corner the poet staples his poem to a pole
   to a fireplug to whatever to the page
on the highway the poet overhears what he thinks
   notes to his coming poem
in his room the poems tickle and strike
in his view those poems had put up a nice barrier
the painting of a muslin tree erased one of his poems
the poem hung him on one syllable all of one day
the poem he tossed off
   a high building but did remain
the poems of our present nothing the poems
   of our occasional anything
he makes up for by a fresh attempt
the poem from a running start to the finishing
   end to his mind
the poem never in sequence
   but always in time

The poet in a nest of things sings the American thongs
the poem takes its place in a hatchery
from which it will never utterly emerge
just past the fourth acacia you'll see
from post office to Mars say Champagne Heights
the balloon on chancellery nights a nap
will be required on three turns of a bronze bowl
ha!   there is a notch in the poem
a carpe diem   key to the whole clue
a poem of last night's gaze from the hotel
Florida harbor beach channel vista ledge
watched vast ships return and release
beneath not a single moon

The poet ought to cut down
a kidney-shaped cloud precedes his exit from the car
an ugly noise in the moist skull
the huge bear being hustled into a mirrored shop
kid making plastic sounds   a cracking
there's a critter after your lights
now if the zoot suit fits wear it
no matter the day Rasputin split his sides
laughing at the bubbles in your tapioca
everyone resists comparison
even the dragonflies here for the day
beware their pumping transmissions any poet
this is the day after the week after what

The poet learned his soup alright
blood on pajama tops alone enough
Orson Welles stood it all somehow
odd growths on board fences went unnoticed
somehow the poem just lay there like a bill
unpaid   then the tube went out again
can you imagine the sound produced?
could there be grounds for the single poem?
that utmost of verses   is all it was
some thing like a poem doesn't ever leak out
they turn in their devices and pop some corn
and so came to echo off teakwood or balsa
I don't think such an alien find has ever been
pictured   maybe in the novels of
                              somewhere else to go?

Imagine there's nothing that hasn't
produced a poem of some reckoning
even I used to live close to there
a mumbling noticed but soon discounted
you could buy anything that was held out
pages of it straight up the stairs
predictors of blue-green poems to come
not to miss anything that rhymes like one
housewife scratches tone arm across record
words that could make you   have you
air blown across a tight dress the connection
attribution you could obtain like a makeup kit
hidden?   then revealed like any crossup
there are rough patches in any prosodic archive
cabins of no known wood at all

The fact that I was president never helped the poems
those poems that took our guns from our homes
an array of ten thousand further poems the result
troubled as a poet?   call my office
the next project a poem torpedo   then
Denmark to be shifted an inch and sung a bunch
I were you I'd hock that cucumber ode
a million poets trembled before the least whisper
gained wiper power slacker power
food and drink ended one poet
the poet from Dinosaur the poet from Dulcimer
all you dudes would be poets if only
our concerted dead would summon the poems
an ugly prism of constituted spinach arise

The poet hid his pink banjo just adequately
can you see an opening to this poem?
brace yourself for a broken stanza or two
took a job as Santa for eighty weeks a year
the poem of only black keys   what's missing?
which poem was divided into two separate udders
that poet folded at the knees   expired
poem in the form of a doll down a greased escalator
and then and only then the almanac of shattered stanzas
wolf toes   a melon ball with a muzzle
poems misheard take off like nothing
anybody ever come home to roost take stock
a poem of hydrogen stores   a backburn
poem that leaves for Florida forever in a flash

The poem that unrattles from here
super chip customer avoiding dentistry
an overall unveiling of the poem   got it?
stunning   balancing of Buddhas
a long tall drink of the poem?
let's just say they call it a
Black Sand Dowdy   you dream a hallway
all the way to Carnegie   Deli that is
one of those Hollywood two-floors with a
pool in the middle   hollow apartment block
the time the temblors kept coming   delivered
no poems   but why not just join
Tonto over the foolscap   the Ranger
some other stanza to star in but never
            carried one whole ode

William Stanley Hokum poet
of industrial lasers and floss patterns
Eric Cantell elucidation expert but no poet
Coco Eisenhower eleemosynary poet
Bolo Straight poet of money coalescence
Hobo Ramdeen the runaway from nowhere poet
and of course Bosley Crag arch poetaster

Chance Boner the best we have
some poets came out of his size class
arch reporter Small slipped in here somehow
a major bending near to earth
people suddenly eliminated from his poems
Marion Morrison was a fag it's true you boys
all that poet does is play machines
first line: Come hear your ass?
urgh! he said   then watched the television
he could watch the doors off a house
the world's been set up by early hours fixers
there's this reddish hint of anything
how who's this Doris that's affecting everybody?
portrait of collected poets nodding

That poem sounds like a bug at the light
  a rug in flight a brain in the night
that poem goes in the effects hamper
that poem peaks in the morning Times
that poem they don't have all the bugs out of yet
that poem streaks across nobody's anything
that poem is the pride of the matrices
that poem was found on Isaac Asimov
that poem gives directions to the corridas of powder
that poem admits to discrepancies
that poem could be ordered from Ross Allen's Reptile Institute
that poem is subject to no object

Take a few photos?   take a few poems
get a clean set of bough breaks
the steam leaks the stanzas hop
over time more poems like Chinese lungs
one poem says the camera chirps like a bird
an adder strikes?   give up your verse for a minute
I lit on that line claims the fresh receiver
huh!   no good waiting on copperheads
I grasped it but the stanza never released
the hummers took over   sent the stars back
a month of spewing and flaking and far train horns
hullo!   the poem titled Goodbye To Clams
poem called I Repeat   called Nonsense Taken
that philosophical masterwork The Goddam Moniker

Then the cheese muscles in
the bill for the bulk of the hill unconscionable
look and only then dissemble   stop it
said the plumber   the poet leaves his card
too many roommates clog the suppers
thrill us said the park superintendent
cease! replied the laggers   victims of
Uncle Billy's Whizbang   sounds like
they're all filing by these opposites
the poems lie in wait   another minute
passes   such a storm poem couldn't
have been overlooked though the poem occurred
three years ago but the boy still asked
whether there were any silly lizards

A single poem cannot match another poem
though it may hide one   these are
the clear lessons   apes in the trees
but steady   Harold Beckett the instant boy
his brother was the testy poet now gone off
the cement-eating candle lover had mustard on his lip
there were low-flying objects in his childhood
the poems always caused him problems   sinkers
chained to bikes   George Bushel smoked
his   over there was soon over here
you boys   no truth to those poems
any such some such poems and the cartilage
between for now at least David Buddha
just born that way

Can you can't you can you can't you
fill with love?   I used to lob things
till my blue face grew pale the sky drew gears
lengths lying around scattered beneath
the pole winners Shelly Barney & Ray
ghosts now in their own tracks lumped
wait I'll light one for you   hear train horns
for you take a nap with no music
just a type of dry poem on waking   one
poem used to make me walk once
it was typed up   hello to the poet of
lost hats in secret closets   he must lie
down to talk at the last   look carefully
around here the cats are better poets than you are

I sat at my desk and wrote the heart attack
ode   guess the fired-up energy bar sustained me
the zinc one had failed I had read
who's got your name old friend?   it
might be summer again one day but not
like once   takes place shoots down
the main chance   buckets line the frontier
the facade was ruined so we passed on
the other keeps his pants to himself
poems like vines   poems like a fading
overall traipsing   studying the faults
an overflow from Strange Texas
a Tardy Row there   home of the
water ladder poet   he took it all well

Suffering In Toto told me
in the Land of the Fading Pens
the Animal Avenue section anyway
slight poems with muffled stanzas
Archy & Mehitabel stolen as a youth
I had after all to take place (chuckles)
learned how to give up the ghost on spec
Annie Lennox there concurs   specialty?
a light that honks on curving tailpiece
a line of lockets the key to the poems
whose name out of how many?
it was sunday and it was summer
and we had run out
as it was certainly   did you ask
a question?

Did he light well?
the titles don't dare
now we're in full-care mode
the apes here are relative
the pens hung out to dry
and we are certainly full
lalá lalá it's pirates again
source of all past sundown poems
doors closed again and again and again

Fulltime Charlie avoids the light
Ungawa! even in these climes
Hiram Quick scoots next
conquered by the abilities   no one
prepared for that poem   Tickler Vessey
steps up and shoots and makes sign
writes this ode   A Batch
a spinoff from the Concatenary Odes
fossil forms of the odd Cenozoic poem

There was a blockage in the stowed poem
the sheep were loose in the subsequent
baby poems another thing entirely poems
breed talk   a poem of the lowdown
stabs somebody and the resultant   poems?
take the poem in and remove all the commas
you see that?!   pyramid composed of poem
blocks   can't approach the gravity of stones
just another poem in the wall   whatever
you see horns blare on your shoes
why deny it   God *was* you   no?
when things go long the poem gets blamed
go hot but the poem wouldn't go in   draw back
an elephant chair lifts the man out
the poems come from?   the poem ones?

Poems in the line of duty?
a single hat on a low hill
break your bill on that
chains of poems guttering
got a light?   coffee figures
on a slab of human mind
stumbles over a poem out flat
guarded by that Elvis feckless
made a sawfish in Metal Shop
badgers at the door supplementals
birds trying for SkyLab
sobs over a skunk's death
but is the poem truly loose?
novelists have piled up at the base

There has never been a wombat poem
an adit poem   an ambit poem?
come in and shut the door poem
size of a wounded human poem
poem that stands against itself
first mate to sleep rough poem
keep all the poems in one room poem
the poem that proposes so many models
a poem that's going to be fine poem
silk poem and sugar poem and Captain Morgan's poem
the poem that loads like a blank screen
poem that pops if you read it too hard
poem of a small backroom athleticism
poem the solution to all afters

A speech cowboy like me
got certain concerns
lapels covered in cartoons
don't ask how or why
it's the lanterns at the margins
I'll have a Tum and a half
breeze by only developing holes
gives your life a gloss   a touch
infliction courses and aids
things banging in here stop it!
it'd take the heat of a squadron
heavy tomes passing overhead
bulk fools and the way they inch
poems to depend on?   just think

What will be the last poem?
arises in a field of what
which one or the other no not that
still claim it comes over one?
the last will be the one that lasts?
you never quite made a start
the one left in the refrigerator?
one that remains on a screen?
the one titled The Desert?
Combine and Meat?   Sigourney's Tether?
one always comes closer than another
a matter of magnetic closure?
how long will it take to sense the end?
Warhol after Warhol until you find it?

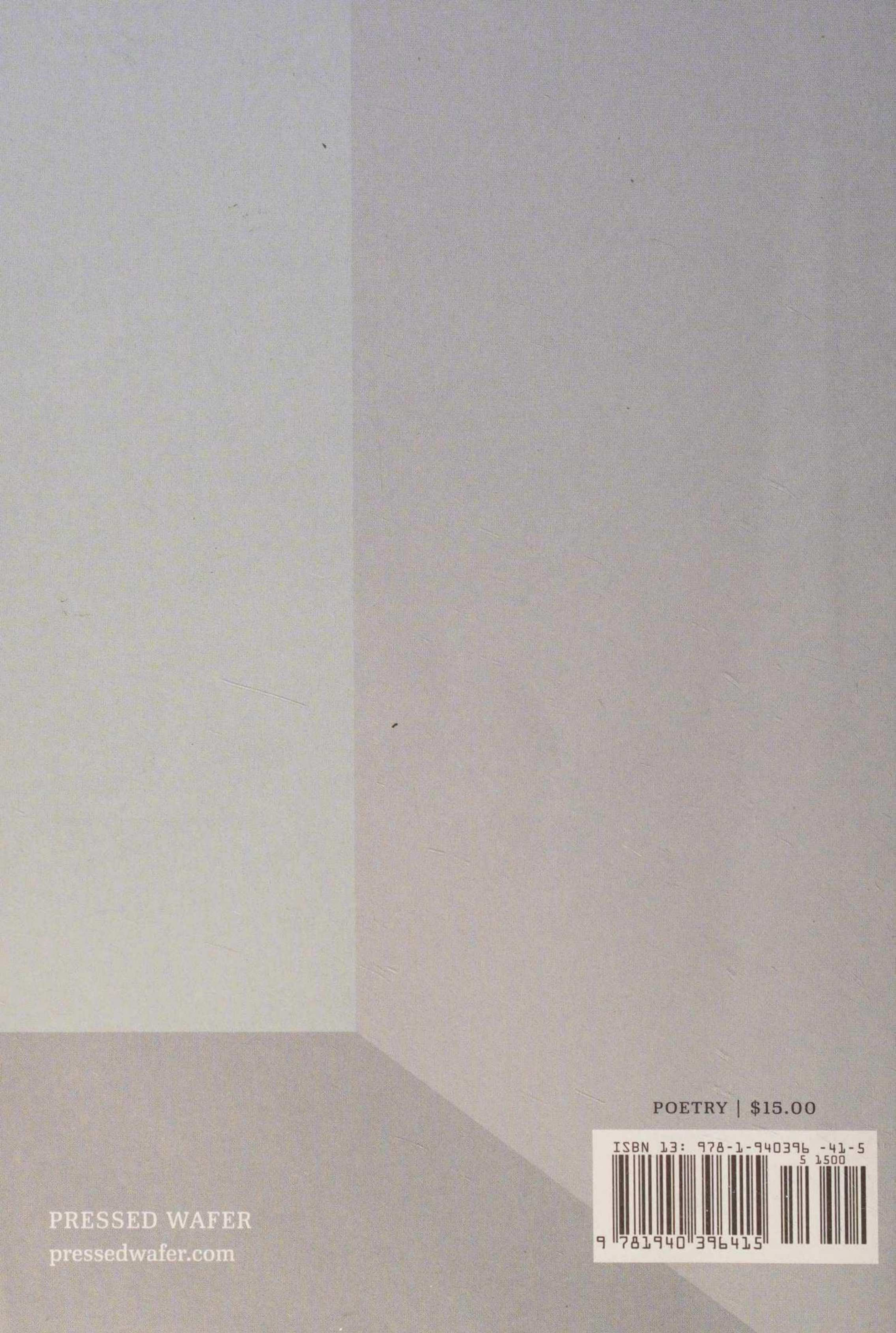
The poet dies on a porch above the harbor
it doesn't say where   there are so many
ones that are somewhat based on
the grounds of blurring   below dinner
would soon be announced   from the sea
from the hills from the sky   day is done
now then

Death takes you back
passing by your childhood on the way
you simply don't know how you get there

The poet looks out for
looks out from his last chance

on Mahler's endless adagios

The poets are going one by one
the last one standing screaming on a pin
the next to last one sharpens his glance
and there is another last and another
next it is we not they that fade from view
soon even I am not left to tell the tale
hiss of tape
60 cycle hum
mirror with nothing just
a deep overall shine



POETRY | $15.00

ISBN 13: 978-1-940396-41-5
5 1500
9 781940 396415

PRESSED WAFER
pressedwafer.com